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C A R D I N A L W O L S E Y .

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THOMAS WOLSEY was born in 1471. The era was propitious for the development of his genius. The battles of York and Lancaster ; the terrible hatreds of those rival houses ; the blow aimed at legitimacy in the murder of the infant princess in the tower ; the usurpation of Richard ; the revolt of his disaffected nobles ; the battle of Bosworth-field ; and finally, the ascension of the throne by Henry the Seventh, had racked England to its centre. The best blood of the nation had been spilled on the battle-field or the scaffold. All the instruments of vindictive and unscrupulous power had been employed by the successful aspirants to crush or exterminate their rivals. Learning, the arts, manufacture, mechanism, commerce had suffered ; religion had, in a measure, lost its hold upon the people ; the bonds of family and social affection had been shattered ; chivalry had almost waned, and the links of a common interest, loyalty, religion, nationality, that bind together a people in the pursuits of life, were snapping asunder beneath the blows of internecine war and the sudden changes of government. It was at such a period that Henry the Seventh ascended the English throne. It was at such a period that Cæsar became master of Rome, Alexander of Greece, Cromwell of England, and Napoleon of France. Henry the Seventh also, like these arbiters of mankind, had his work : though less brilliant in history than theirs, still serviceable and important to perform. The task of regenerating the English character was before him, of putting together the elements of its disjointed nationality. He lacked the genius to achieve a complete success, and it was reserved for Wolsey to advance the neglected interests of religion, of learning, of commerce, and of law, and to confer upon England a substantial power and influence, as the arbiter of European difficulties. It is Wolsey, then, as one who promoted the material and intellectual interests

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of his race, of whom we wish to write. We therefore expend no time in discussing the probabilities of his mean or noble birth. Whether he was the son of a butcher or of a gentleman, matters little to those who wish to contemplate the splendor of his character, the grandeur of his designs, the purity of his motives, or the manner of his death. It matters not what were the ancestries of those men whose fame depends merely upon their own stern exertions for place, power, and fame. We delight to honor them because they were great : not from the adventitious circumstance of birth ; but from labor, from hard blows given and received in the conflict of life, from heroism on the battle-field, from piety in the church, from devotion to the wants of humanity, whether suffering in poverty, groping blindly in ignorance, or wandering in the dark shadows of heathenism. The poet, the soldier, the philosopher, the statesman, and the saint, is great of himself, from intrinsic merit, not from the circumstances that may have surrounded his birth. It is Thomas Wolsey, then, the great Cardinal, the distinctive English mind of his age, the man who left his mark broad and deep upon English character, not Thomas Wolsey born gentleman or butcher, whose life we wish to follow.

We omit to notice particularly the education of Wolsey, and his early efforts as a student. That they were arduous, the whole tenor of his career demonstrates. From what we know, however, of his earlier and undistinguished life, we may infer that there was little of the ascetic in his disposition. While vicar at Lymington, his impetuous temper led him into a riot, the result of which was the stocks. Is there not at least one point of similarity between the great Cardinal and Friar Tuck ?

Wolsey first came under royal notice as chaplain of Henry the Seventh. This position he obtained through Sir Richard Nanfau, whom he had served at Calais. While occupying this office, he more than once recommended himself to his royal master by the prompt discharge of duties intrusted to his care. The King's appreciation of his chaplain was such, that Wolsey obtained the deanery of Lincoln, and other offices of honor and emolument.

On the twenty-second of April, 1509, Henry the Seventh died. In many respects he was a remarkable man. He exhibited in glaring contrast the qualities of greatness and meanness. Personally brave, he had none of the chivalric sentiments of the soldier. With strong common-sense, he yet developed an avarice so overpowering as to blunt not only the nice perceptions of honor, but even the ordinary dictates of justice. The sufferings of Richmond's youth had not taught the mature years of Henry the great Christian lessons of mercy or forbearance. The death of Henry was hailed with almost as much joy as that of his predecessor, Richard.

His son and successor, Henry the Eighth, was personally popular. His character as a man and a sovereign has been a prolific theme of discussion among historical writers ; but none who merit the regard of earnest inquirers have attempted to conceal or excuse those vices with which in this present essay we have most to do, and to which we shall presently advert.

Upon his ascension of the throne he arraigned and punished the abettors of his father's tyrannical avarice. But there is no mention of his having depleted the bursting coffers of the old king in such acts of restitution as would have shielded the memory of his father from obloquy and disgrace. Their golden treasure opened a vista of never-ending pleasure to the son, which overcame the stern demands of justice and the dictates of filial piety.

Wolsey at this time was thirty-eight years of age, Dean of Lincoln and almoner to the King. He had shared the youthful pleasures of his master, but while participating in his dissipations, had evidenced his own great powers of mind and consummate practical ability. Henry, from amid the gay revellers who thronged his court, selected Wolsey as his favorite adviser, having discovered in his powerful and conservative intellect the very element which he needed to give strength and dignity to the government, which his own turbulent and reckless disposition might in the outset of his reign have sadly shattered.

At this time Julius Second was the Roman pontiff. Julius was a priestly soldier, a fiery, irascible, but withal large-hearted man, and more of a patriot than a saint.

He had recently become involved in a quarrel with Louis the Twelfth of France. Ferdinand of Spain, the father-in-law of Henry, supported the Pope, and drew the English King to the Italian interest. A war with France ensued, in which the English gained no substantial benefit. Wolsey accompanied the army, having the superintendence of its commissariat. The advantages he reaped from this campaign were substantial. One was his induction into the vacant Bishopric of Tournay after the taking of that city. Other victories, however, beside the few barren triumphs in France, crowned the English arms. At home the battle of Flodden Field, so vividly described in Scott's immortal verse, was fought and won for Henry.

Shortly after Henry's return to England, Wolsey was elevated to the Archiepiscopal See of York. He was now on the full tide of royal favor. He possessed the potent word that ruled the wayward passions of the king. He was no longer the mere man of pleasure, but the earnest statesman, ready for any emergency, and capable of conducting any affair of state, however complicated its relations or difficult its character. His duties were important and onerous, his responsibilities vast, and his demeanor was that of one, who, in controlling the destinies of a great people, not only knew the importance of his office, but placed a high estimate on his own services. And for this princely manner, which fitted him so well, which he honored in the wearing, and which draped gracefully about him as the folds of a Roman toga, he suffered the aspersion of unwarrantable pride; he was accused of the sudden assumption of a mantle which, from social position, he had no right to wear; he was regarded as an upstart from the ranks of life, who had no sooner thrown aside the livery of the menial than he assumed the pomp and dignity of the lord. But let those who accuse Wolsey of undue arrogance, haughtiness, and love of power, when the favor of his sovereign had invested him with wealth and influence, remember that human nature is the same in all men and in all ages; that Wolsey's disposi-

tion was imperious, that his aims had no limit, that he loved magnificence of retinue, of habiliment, of household garnishment, because that age invested human greatness with magnificence and display ; that he loved power, and put forth the energies of a giant will to obtain and hold it, because, without affectation, he well knew that his intellect could better serve his country than that of any lordly courtier, whose heart was in the revels of the palace, whose soul could take no flight beyond the pleasures of sense. Before his mind's eye was placed a great object, and to reach it became the constant effort of his life. The dreams of the young priest in his cloister were realized by the Archbishop in his palace. He saw in England a capacity of development that no continental kingdom possessed. He found a system of law which was daily strengthening its proportions. He found a commerce which, though sadly disturbed by civil war, might become the wonder of a world. He found a sturdy, hearty yeomanry, with a national character as unbending as the oak ; a character which could give England the position of umpire of the world, perhaps make her island kingdom a mother of nations, another Rome.

And he found too, and regarded with a hostile eye, a nobility proud, wealthy, and powerful, which might be the terror or the bulwark of the throne, which for centuries had disregarded right and law, had time and time again excited the masses against the sovereign power, but to oppress those masses untrammelled by a government stronger than itself. In short, he found the buds of glorious national promise, which he determined to unfold, and the seeds of evil, which he resolved to destroy.

How well he succeeded, English history can proudly witness.

In the latter part of the year 1515, Wolsey was elevated to the Cardinalate by Leo the Tenth, and about the same time the Great Seal of England, with the office of Chancellor of the Realm, was given him. Wolsey now held one of the highest offices in the Church ; was, by virtue of his Chancellorship, the first officer of the kingdom, and, more than all, possessed the confidence of the King. His remarkable character and his rapid elevation made him the cynosure of all eyes. European sovereigns wishing to negotiate with England, regarded Wolsey as the proper mediator between themselves and his King. England was then just beginning to exercise that influence in the councils of Europe which she subsequently so largely developed. A character like Wolsey's was well adapted to give that young influence those advantages of growth which it needed in the acquisition of strength. His powers of mind were not only felt at home, but in their clear, strong, and conservative management of diplomatic negotiations were felt, respected, and feared by foreign potentates. Nobly did the Cardinal exercise his official functions and the gifts of his intellect for the honor of England.

It was the period for such a mind to employ itself to the greatest possible advantage. A revolution, social, political, and religious, was taking place in the Christian world. The art of printing was placing knowledge within the grasp of the people. Statesmen were beginning to take wider views of the relations of government than those of peace and war ; men who had bowed blindly at the shrine of Rome were

putting away the darkness from their vision and inquiring after truth ; commerce was rapidly increasing in importance, and demanding exact principles for its regulations and the necessities of people, and of governments were evolving from creative and thinking minds a new science, that of political economy. And aside from the effects which these causes were producing in the social and mental condition of Europe, and which, to some extent, occupied his attention, Wolsey found ample scope for his energy in compacting alliances and settling quarrels between European sovereigns. Francis the First of France was warring with Maximilian, Emperor of Germany ; Selim, the Sultan of Turkey, was pushing his arms so victoriously in Western Europe, that Christendom trembled at his successes, and Leo the Tenth, the Pope of Rome, though devoted to the softer and more enervating pursuits of life, thought no less than his bluff, soldier-like predecessor, Julius Second, of maintaining the power and dignity of the Church.

The victories of Selim induced a cessation of hostilities between Francis and the Emperor, and led to the organization of a crusade, which might have renewed in the Holy Land those scenes, in which centuries before Richard and Saladin were the actors, had not the death of the Sultan quieted the note of preparation. The cessation of hostilities gave Wolsey an opportunity to compact in 1518 a league between England, France, Spain, Germany, and Rome. The effects of this treaty were felt for centuries, although the treaty itself was observed but for a limited period. Says an eminent writer : ' The treaty itself may be regarded as one of the fundamental statutes of that great code, which till the era of the French Revolution continued to be the laws and constitution of the European nations.'

In 1519 Maximilian, Emperor of Germany, died, and the imperial throne was opened to royal competition. Henry the Eighth, grasping at every shadow of power, stretched forth his hands to clutch the crown, but, like an atmospheric illusion, it glided from his reach. Francis and Charles of Spain were the competitors for whom the vote of the empire was divided. The contest between Francis and Charles was gallantly conducted, but the wary policy, the vast territorial possessions of the Spanish king, and the prestige of his descent, at last decided the victory in his favor. Here is, then, a new character introduced at a very early age upon the arena of public events — a character in which the world has found so much to wonder at, to admire, condemn, and despise, that we hardly know where or how to settle our opinion. In Charles the Fifth the world found a moral anomaly. Possessing all the keener instincts of the man, he lacked all the finer attributes of the hero. With a mind comprehensive in its grasp and bold in its conclusions, and with a will inflexible in character, he exhibited a meanness of soul, a duplicity of mind, an utter depravity of political sentiment. In an age in which statesmanship and diplomacy were beginning to exercise their legitimate functions, such a man, exercising as he did an important influence, must have given a tone to those transactions between nations in which he was engaged, as pernicious as the promptings of his own evil spirit. In an age when the gallant maxims of chivalry yet survived the decay of the feudal system, and as king of a

land whose warrior nobles had scarce half a century before occupied the proud position of the first knights in Europe, he treated a brother-knight, his prisoner, in a manner so abhorrent to all the better sentiments of humanity, so like a malefactor of the vilest kind, that all Europe, roused to its manly feeling, pointed at the royal jailer the finger of undying scorn.

With such a man Wolsey now came in contact. The new Emperor, an adept in the art of reading character, saw Wolsey's power, and determined to enlist it in his favor. He visited England, and while there promised to assist the Cardinal in his effort to obtain the papedom. The friendship of Charles for his Chancellor flattered Henry, and he offered his coöperation in the scheme. Charles solicited the powerful alliance of the Cardinal, because he foresaw that France and Spain could not remain long on terms of amity. And soon the storm lowered portentously over Europe. But before it burst upon the nations, a scene transpired, in which Francis and Henry were the actors, which, as the last great event in the history of chivalry, claims especial comment. Just after the departure of Charles from England, a meeting took place between the kings of England and France, at a spot in the vicinity of Ardres and Guisnes, which, from the magnificence that marked its character, gave it the name of the 'Field of the Cloth of Gold.' The nobles attending their respective kings, indulged in a splendor of array that has rarely, if ever, been equalled in the history of such meetings. It was the expiring effort of chivalry. The light of knighthood went out at the 'Field of Gold,' with no dim flicker, but with a flash of splendor which for a brief moment illumined the world and lent a meretricious glory to the death of a system which had accomplished its great aims. That system which had its origin at the tomb of our SAVIOUR, which for long centuries had preserved, amid ignorance and brutality, the germinating seeds of humanity, of gentleness, of love, paled before the light of a new thought, which was to usurp its place and perform its labor, actuated by the highest Christian motives — that new thought, the Reformation.

At the 'Field of Gold,' another treaty was compacted between Henry and Francis, but like most of the treaties in that age of Punic faith, it was soon broken.

The storm of war now burst upon France, Spain, and Italy. After a variety of fortune upon either side, the fatal battle of Pavia gave Francis a prisoner into the hands of Charles. The Emperor now was at the acme of his power. France was humbled, and Italy was at his feet. Bourbon, one of his generals, approached Rome, and demanded a passage through the city on his way to Naples. Permission was refused, but Rome was sacked. Bourbon was killed in the assault, but his troops pressed on to victory, signaling their success by the most atrocious outrages.

And now having briefly glanced at a few of the principal events in Europe during a portion of Wolsey's career, and at such of the principal characters of the age as came in immediate contact with him, we propose to examine more closely the life of the Cardinal, and discuss, in such a manner as our short space will admit, the projects and actions

which have rendered him famous — have obtained for him the gratitude, or covered him with the reproach of his countrymen, and those circumstances of his career which indicate the character of the man. In so doing, we must consider the age in which Wolsey lived, his profession, and his position.

At this time family power was very great in England. Education was in a ratio to ignorance, fearfully small. The natural conservatism of mankind, always ignoring the demands of progress, found an ally in the Anglo-Saxon nature, fond of old usages and customs, and yielding little credence to proposals of reform. It suited the purposes of the English nobility as it still suits the purposes of tyrants everywhere, to keep the masses in their normal condition of ignorance and superstition. They found the priesthood willing to lend its assistance to this vile labor of repression.

Especially did the nobility dread such an influence as Wolsey's. They feared and hated it, because they feared and hated any system of education which might arouse the dormant energies of the people. Rank has always been the enemy of power acquired by mere force of intellect, unaided by the circumstance of birth and wealth. It has ever interposed obstacles between the efforts of such intellects and the reforms they proposed. It has ever seen in the elevation from humble life of men of genius, sure and deadly blows aimed at its prerogatives. In this light was Wolsey regarded by the haughty nobility of England. They saw a giant intellect, with aims as capacious as the universe, arise from the ranks of life, and take precedence of their oldest houses. Dukes, marquises, and earls, boasting the descent of a thousand years, and arrogating to themselves almost royal dignity, trembled in his presence. Before the flashing eye and noble brow of the poor butcher's son, radiant with the glory of genius, these men found their level. Wolsey's greatness was a crime they could not forget or forgive. They would gladly have given that head, teeming with mighty plans for English honor, to the scaffold; they would have trampled him beneath their feet, and given his name and thoughts to obscurity. But gloriously did the plebeian Cardinal attest the fact that from the pure, untainted blood of the masses come the rulers of the world; grandly did he demonstrate his power of thought, and for England perform labors that centuries of common mind could not have effected.

We will regard the Cardinal from three points of view: his reformation of the Church, his administration of justice, and his participation in the divorce of Queen Catharine.

The age of Wolsey was also that of Luther. The Church, in the estimation of reasoning men, whether Papists or Reformers, presented so many vulnerable points from its depravity, from the scandal its licentious ministers had brought upon it, that all who valued truth, justice, or purity of sentiment desired its reformation. When Leo the Tenth ascended the Papal throne the corruption of the Church was terrible. The new Pontiff was not the man to set an example of purity of life; had not the nerve or courage, with the inclination, to root out abuses, to effect such superficial improvements in the Church as would have quieted the cry of reform by removing its apparent necessity. Well was

it for the world that Leo the Tenth lived just as he did. Had a pope then reigned possessing the spirit of Hildebrand and the purity of Ganganelli, the strength of the Reformers might have been broken by concessions ere it had matured. But by one of those providences the supervention of which all the crises of history demonstrate, the Reform in Germany was strengthened by the haughty demands of Rome, by the increasing depravity of its rulers, by the utter disregard it paid to the wants of its people, and by its negation of the Word of God.

The character of Leo the Tenth is one which art and literature have preserved from utter detestation. He was a De Medici in every sense. Learned in all the literature of the world, elegant, courtly, and refined in manner and address, with a mind subtle, keen and powerful, devoted to the success of art, of literature, and of poesy, he was in soul a sensualist, each day placing before his Church an example of luxurious indolence, and at last falling into a long dream of pleasure, the prison of his noble faculties, whose golden bars were only broken by the rude hand of Death. The historian has written for him a splendid eulogy; the poet has linked his name with all the graces in immortal verse, and around his memory the kindred arts have thrown an intellectual halo, whose glories steal over the mind as the odor of some rich perfume is gently wafted to the delighted sense; but no devoted biographer can record of him a single action that enobled his great priestly office; no Churchman, however blinded to the faults of his order, can give to the character of Leo the Tenth the highest name of all — Christian.

To such a man was the Church of the sixteenth century to look for leadership. The result was such as Luther, Melancthon, and Zuinglius foresaw and predicted. The conventual system became the by-word and reproach of men. The mendicant orders were the disgrace of every country in which they existed. Vice stalked with its 'hideous mien' amid the ghostly fathers a welcome guest, with not even the cloak of refinement, of learning, of love, of art to drape its disgusting features. The system, too, was eating up the wealth of kingdoms. In England statutes were passed and legal ingenuity taxed to avoid the rapacity of the monasteries. When, therefore, Wolsey's clear, practical mind examined the system, its bearings, and its tendencies, his love for England, his grand idea of intellectual progress, his noble Anglo-Saxon manhood awoke with honest hate, and the doom of the Cloister was sealed.

The King invested him with a commission to examine into the state of the ecclesiastical abodes, and vigorously was the work prosecuted. Wolsey's plan was to reduce the number of monks, and to convert the monasteries into cathedrals and colleges. He was too zealous a Catholic to entertain for a moment the idea that he was by so doing reducing the power of the clergy over the people; but the motive which induced his action was to improve the mental condition of the clergy, to give them that knowledge which is power, to render them really entitled to that dignity with which the people invested the sacerdotal office. By his vigorous and decisive measures he incurred the bitter hatred of the priesthood. He was accused of every vice, and reproached for an ambition called by his detractors insatiable. But they little knew their

man. Amid the assaults and calumnies of the envious, he calmly, sternly pursued his task. He awarded his sentences, and posterity has pronounced them just. Men said : Why should one who indulges in every pleasure himself, attack others whose inclinations are similar ? It is true that Wolsey's establishments were costly and magnificent, that he lavishly expended large sums in decorations and displays which passed with the occasions which prompted them. But all his splendor did not adorn the man ; he lent dignity and gave enduring interest to the scenes which his taste invested with that splendor. It is the picture the mind draws of the Cardinal, towering above the sensual revellers at his banquets which gives them their historical character.

With all his display, Wolsey was no sensualist. He invested his high station with what belonged to it. He was every day dealing with the magnates of Europe through their ambassadors ; his King constantly visited the Cardinal's residence, and the manners of the time required his acquiescence. The accusations, then, which the British monks, roused from their supine and brutal ignorance by his determination to devote the misspent conventual revenues to worthy objects, made against him, sink into utter insignificance. The cry of sensual prodigality was but the impotent railing of men so radically wrong, that no remedy but the most severe could be applied. And against such men as Thomas Wolsey, whose names are recorded as those of friends of progress, promoters of great schemes for the public good, lovers of learning, true, practical, eloquent expounders of law, morals, or religion, great workers in the development of national character, as those of men who float not with the stream of life, but fight earnestly with the current, the accusation of sensual indulgence, of love of pleasure, of relaxation of nerve for the dangerous toying with the bubbles of life, pass with the slanderous breath which uttered them, when History unfolds to view the scroll of their fame.

Wolsey's educational efforts should be remarked here, for they are intimately connected with his purgation of ecclesiastical abodes.

Griffith, apostrophizing England, says to his mistress, Queen Catharine, of the Cardinal :

‘ Ever witness for him,
Those twins of learning that he raised in you,
Ipswich and Oxford ! One of which fell with him,
Unwilling to outlive the good that did it ;
The other, though unfinished, yet so famous,
So excellent in art, and still so rising,
That Christendom shall ever speak his virtue.’

Wolsey had been educated at Oxford, and he manifested during his prosperity the deep affection he entertained for his Alma Mater. In 1523, with the Queen, he paid Oxford a visit of state. The heads of colleges exerted themselves to obtain the good offices of the Minister. They submitted to him for revision the statutes of the University ; and notwithstanding the strenuous opposition of Archbishop Warham, the Cardinal undertook and accomplished the task. From this period, the University began rapidly to improve. The colleges, which hitherto had been the seats of scholastic indolence, now gave evidence of that grow-

ing activity which was to unfold for English minds those precious germs of thought whose development had been thwarted by monastic ignorance, and to give a popular direction to learning, which hitherto had been confined within the narrow channels of theologic dogmatism. Aware that the awakened interest of the colleges in the cause of education needed the stimulus of material encouragement, Wolsey founded certain lectures on the various branches of learning, and then proceeded to endow and erect Christ Church College. This foundation was upon the revenues of twenty ecclesiastical abodes which had been suppressed on account of the profligacy of their inmates. The splendid scale upon which this College was undertaken, the popular character of its course of study, the great collection of books proposed for its library, was the initiative of that educational progress which England has so nobly sustained. The dosing brains of the priestly triflers with knowledge, received a shock that awakened them from their stupor. The pedants who adhered to the old philosophy were startled from their syllogisms. They were about to witness the induction of a new system, which blended literature, philosophy, and science, in a triune unity, against which scholastic divinity might hurl in vain its ponderous tomes of wasted thought, and from which its assailants, defeated and disheartened, fled, to wail in their cloisters over modern degeneracy. The ultra conservatism of that age uttered the same lamentations that fogysm breathes in our own.

Wharton, in his elegant history of English poetry, says : 'The Cardinal's College was one of the first seminaries of an English University that professed to explode the pedantries of an old barbarous philosophy, and to cultivate the graces of polite literature.'

Cambridge, emulous of the progress of her rival, Oxford, soon after submitted her statutes to the judicious revision of the Cardinal. The school at Ipswich was founded upon a plan similar to that at Winchester and Eton, and the funds for its support, as in the instance of Christ College, were drawn from the revenues of dissolved monasteries.

But these efforts in behalf of education, drew upon Wolsey the hatred and envy of many persons of rank and power. Archbishop Warham was first among the clamorous throng who sullied his virtues and magnified his faults. Detraction, quiet, sinuous, terrible, was employed to accomplish his ruin. Wolsey, however, shrewd and politic, managed to maintain his influence with the King, and to promote his favorite projects. He and his detractors have passed away ; but the great monuments of his learning and wisdom remain. Christ Church College has stood prosperously through the lapse of centuries, the impulse he gave the Universities never ceased to vibrate, and his name, encircled by the chaplet of the Muses, still indicates the power of industry and courage.

We will now advert to Wolsey's administration of justice as Chancellor of England. In the latter part of the year 1515, the Great Seal was given him. When he entered upon the duties of his office, he found that he must either yield to the ignorance of the practitioners in his Court, and to the arrogance of the Common Law judges, or seize at once the reins of

authority with a firm hand, and administer justice in accordance with those principles which professedly were the guides of equity jurisprudence. He did not hesitate in the adoption of his course. He possessed a mind so comprehensive in survey, so rapid in thought, analysis, and conception, that it brushed from every case submitted to its consideration the webs of chicanery, dashed aside sophisms, however ingenious, and went by an intuitive logic directly to its merits. And it required such a mind, to undertake the task Wolsey proposed to himself. It became his ambition to render the Court of Chancery worthy its title and design. A great work was before him. He found the lawyers prejudiced and ignorant, the Common Law judges arrogant, presumptuous, and jealous of equity jurisdiction. He found the law in the hands of men so tenacious of precedent that they forgot principle, and denied the controlling influence of circumstances in the interpretation and application of legal theories.

‘During the reign of Henry the Seventh,’ says Lord Campbell, ‘no attention was paid to the improvement of the laws, or the administration of justice, except with a view to extorting money from the subject, and amassing treasure in the Exchequer.’ Again he says: ‘Equity decisions, at this time, depended upon each Chancellor’s peculiar notion of the Law of God, and the manner in which HEAVEN would visit the defendant for the acts complained of in the bill.’

Wolsey remedied the evils which the feeble administration of former chancellors had developed and encouraged. He asserted for his Court the authority which of right belonged to it. He was undoubtedly very decided in the measures employed to assert and uphold his jurisdiction: there is no questioning the fact that his judgment was arbitrary, and brooked no opposition; that he stretched equitable jurisdiction to its utmost limits; but no accusation of injustice in his decisions was ever made, and even his most bitter enemies hardly ventured to impugn the honesty of his administration as Lord Chancellor.

He encouraged the practice of granting injunctions, and his frequent application of that remedy was made an article of his impeachment. Such was his determination to enforce his authority as Chancellor, that he reprimanded in person, and that severely, the magistrates who ventured to disregard his injunctions. In his effort to elevate the tone of practice and argument in his Court, ‘he,’ as Lord Campbell says, ‘openly complained that the lawyers who practised before him, were grossly ignorant of the Civil Law, and the principles of general jurisprudence; and that he often interrupted their pleadings, and bitterly animadverted upon their narrow notions and limited arguments.’

It cannot be asserted that Wolsey was the father of any great system of law, or that he originated any new and particularly efficacious methods of practice; but he did establish on a firm basis equitable jurisdiction; he stimulated the ambition of the lawyers to a wider field than that of mere precedents and cases; he conceived a plan for a school, in which law should be taught as a science, and he tolerated in his Court no practice that savored of corruption. Justice was equitably administered when Wolsey was Chancellor. He was prompt, inde-

fatigable, and industrious ; and it is recorded of him, that he seldom erred in his decisions. He gave an impulse to the Court of Chancery, which his successor, the great Sir Thomas More, and other chancellors, encouraged, until English equity jurisprudence has grown into a body of law which, in breadth and purity of principle, challenges the admiration of all who have studied it, and excels, in the generality of its application, all systems which the ingenuity and learning of different ages have adopted.

We now come to regard the Cardinal from the third point of view, his connection with the divorce of Queen Catharine. The matrimonial history of Henry the Eighth is so well and generally known, that it requires here little comment by way of introduction to Wolsey's connection with the divorce. 'Bluff King Hal,' as Henry was called, concealed beneath a hearty English manner and exterior, passions so utterly detestable in their nature, that no one hesitates in ranking him with those crowned monsters whose characters have disgraced humanity. His first wife, Catharine of Spain, was the widow of his elder brother, Arthur. Henry married her shortly after his ascension of the throne. One of her maids of honor was Anne Boleyn, a lady of great beauty, and attractive manners. Henry, inconstant to his wife, became enamored of Anne, and determined, in order to marry her, to obtain a divorce from Catharine, upon the ground that their marriage was a nullity under the Canon Law, which prohibited the marriage of a man with his brother's widow. This, however, was a shallow pretext, for a dispensation in favor of the marriage had been granted by Rome, and Henry affected qualms of conscience merely to gratify his unsatiable lust.

In 1527, Henry appears finally to have determined to obtain a divorce from Catharine. He sought the advice of Wolsey in the matter, unfolding to him his own views of the validity of his marriage with Catharine, and asked his coöperation in the effort he was about to make to obtain a divorce. The Cardinal assented to the plan proposed by Henry, for he had resolved, if a divorce was obtained, to negotiate a marriage between Henry and Renée, a sister of Louis the Twelfth, in order to cement more firmly the alliance with France. But when Henry named Anne Boleyn as the successor of Catharine, and the proposition of marriage with Renée was peremptorily rejected, Wolsey perceived the grave error he had committed, and implored Henry to banish the thought of such an alliance from his mind. But the King was inexorable, and Wolsey yielded.

In this assent to the divorce of Catharine was the great error in the career of the Cardinal. To gratify the evil passions of his royal master, he deviated from the path of rectitude, and exerted all his energy and influence to destroy the happiness of an innocent and helpless woman. He lent himself to a scheme, which, bad in its inception, is hardly redeemed from utter infamy by the great results it achieved for Protestantism in England. The Cardinal worshipped power, and in his endeavor to retain it, he sacrificed his innate sense of honor and justice. And what was his gain ? A tenure of office while the proceedings of the divorce were pending ; and when his efforts to hasten the decision of

Campeggio and the Pope failed, he reaped, in his disgrace and fall, the legitimate reward of his obsequious wickedness.

Anne Boleyn learned his opposition to her marriage with Henry, and from that moment nursed her wrath against him, and through her influence with the King, brought to bear against the Cardinal the calumnies of the envious courtiers. The infatuation of Henry for the woman became such, that at last she alone controlled his decisions. When this result obtained, Wolsey's fate was sealed.

Cardinal Campeggio and Wolsey were associated by the Pope as Legates to try the divorce. In the month of May, 1529, the Legative Court 'was opened in the Hall of the Black Friars Convent, in London.' It is a memorable event in English history, and as such merits a passing notice. The circumstances which occasioned it, were in themselves apparently trivial, but in its result it exercised a most important influence in the affairs of England. It was the point of time from which the whole tenor of English history was to be changed. Little did Henry and the Legates, or any of those who thronged that Court, foresee the consequences of a divorce. Little did they think that the unmanly persecution of Queen Catharine was to result, not alone in breaking the heart of that unfortunate lady, but in destroying the Papal power in England, and in alienating forever from the bosom of Rome the Anglican Church. It was a foul blot upon the manhood of English gentlemen, that they assisted the King in his dastardly project; but it was well for Protestantism and Liberty, to use the language of the poet:

'WHEN love could teach a monarch to be wise,
And Gospel light first dawned from BOLEYN'S eyes.'

The Court found Queen Catharine determined to assert and maintain her rights. She questioned their authority, and they pronounced her contumacious. It must have been a piteous scene, the opening of that Legative Court! All the learning and wisdom of the kingdom arrayed against one weak woman. But nobly did the Queen assert her rights, and demand protection. The dauntless blood of her great mother, Isabella of Spain, mantled her cheek, and strengthened her heart. The conscious dignity of virtue was hers; the thought of her descent from a long line of heroes nerved her courage, while she indignantly denied the authority of the Legates; and all the warmth, the deep, true affection of a loving woman's heart, gushed forth in one great burst of tenderness, when, throwing herself at the King's feet, she implored his protection. If Henry had possessed a spark of manly feeling, a sentiment of chivalrous regard for the weaker sex, the solemn Court, half-farce, half-tragedy, would have been dissolved, and honor would have reclaimed her long-vacant seat in his heart. But PROVIDENCE willed otherwise, and for the best.

From no point of view is Wolsey's conduct in this divorce reconcilable with his duty as a man, an administrator of justice, or a minister of religion. He knew the base motives of the King, and it was his duty, in every capacity, to have remonstrated against their indulgence. If,

like Sir Thomas More, his great successor, he had preferred to give up office and power rather than assist in a proceeding he knew to be wrong, his death would have been cheered by those sublime reflections which accompanied that philosopher to the scaffold.

In July, 1529, the proofs in the suit were completed, and Henry urged an immediate decision. But Campeggio insisted upon submitting them to the Pope before the rendition of judgment. Wolsey's influence was vainly exerted to alter this decision of Campeggio.

At this time, open attacks were made upon the Cardinal. The power of Anne Boleyn over the King, was brought to bear against the Chancellor. He stood between the ambition of her family and royal favor. The King was induced by degrees to separate himself from his favorite minister. His connection with the divorce was unfavorably represented to his sovereign. Henry was persuaded that Wolsey, while pretending to hasten it, covertly sought means to retard its progress. By degrees, the marks of royal favor were diminished. He seldom had audience with the King, and his opinion was no longer asked. Finally, on the seventeenth of October, 1529, the Great Seal was taken from him, and he was no longer Chancellor.

Two days before, he had opened the Michelmas term of his Court with his usual splendor and display, although he knew his fall was near. When, a few weeks before, he had been refused audience with the King, in the words of the chronicler, 'He wept like a woman, and wailed like a child;' but on this occasion of his last public appearance as Chancellor, he exerted all his resolution to preserve his dignity, and with Roman fortitude concealed from spectators the terrible anguish that was breaking his heart.

An information was filed against him by the Attorney-General. He was obliged to surrender his palace of York Place, and to retire to Esher, a country-seat belonging to him. In November, 1529, articles of impeachment were preferred against him, by a Committee of the House of Lords. Criminal proceedings were not taken, however, as the Commons rejected the impeachment.

Not long before, he had resigned to the King Hampton Court, a palace built by the Cardinal, and famous, even in these days, for having been his residence.

He was now stripped of every thing but his revenues as Archbishop, and a trifling sum from his Bishopric of Westminster. Finally he received an order to remove to his See of York, and proceeding thither, he began to prepare for his installation. It was to take place on the seventeenth of November, 1530. But three days before the appointed time, his falling fortunes received their final blow. On the fourteenth of November, he was arrested for high treason, by the Earl of Northumberland, and sent forward to London: on the road he was attacked by sickness, and could proceed but slowly. On the twenty-sixth of November, terribly worn by his disease, he alighted at the Abbey of Leicester, addressing the Abbot, who came forth to greet him, with the prophetic words:

'Father Abbot, I am come to lay my weary bones among you.' He lingered here three days: and on the twenty-ninth of

November, at eight o'clock in the morning, upon the very stroke of the hour he had long before predicted as that of his death, his spirit passed to God.

Such was the last of earth of Thomas Wolsey. Shakspeare has immortalized the circumstances of his fall and death. They are pregnant with instruction to all.

It has been said, that during the zenith of his power, Wolsey was England. In many points, the remark is true. His diplomatism gave his country a prominence in European affairs which she had never before possessed ; his love of learning developed the germ of a great educational system ; his strong will, and clear, comprehensive idea of justice, gave a new impulse to equitable jurisprudence, and his hate of sloth and ignorance, dealt the death-blow of the conventual system.

While he possessed the ear of Henry, that turbulent monarch acted measurably from principle ; 'but,' says Lingard, of Wolsey, 'the moment his influence was extinguished, the royal passions burst through every restraint, and by their caprice and violence, alarmed his subjects, and astonished the other portions of Europe.'

But in whatever degree an admirer of the great Cardinal may lament his fall, there can be seen in it that finger of PROVIDENCE, which works in the disposition of human affairs. If Clement the Seventh had died in 1529, when sickness had brought him to the verge of death, Wolsey would have been Pope of Rome, Henry the Eighth would have lived and died a loyal subject of the Papal See, and the development of Protestantism in England would have been checked.

Many of the libels uttered against the Cardinal had their origin solely in the wounded pride of the nobles and higher ecclesiastics. The nobility were exasperated against Wolsey, because of his connection with the impeachment and conviction of the Duke of Buckingham. In that unfortunate affair, it is true that the Cardinal deviated from the path of justice, but the accusations urged against him came with bad grace from men who, with hypocritical tears in their eyes, pronounced Buckingham guilty of high treason.

But we do not urge this fact in exculpation of Wolsey. His clear and discriminating judgment, his education and habits of thought, placed him, in point of intellect, far above an ignorant and turbulent nobility, or a priesthood of such contracted views and limited knowledge as that of England in the sixteenth century.

Much obloquy has been affixed to the memory of Wolsey, because of his endeavor to obtain the Popedom. But it had its origin in prejudiced minds. To render himself worthy, in the estimation of the electors of this great office, was a noble ambition. That effort we cannot reprehend. We perceive in his vigorous habit of study, his constant endeavor to satisfy his royal master by an intense application to official duties, his prompt and decisive action as Prime Minister of the realm, his unwearying industry in the performance of every public employment, a constant and unwavering determination to render himself the most prominent and acceptable candidate for the highest office in the Church of Rome. In all this, he did no more than fulfil a law of our nature.

In such efforts can be found no cause of rebuke. They have their origin in one of the noblest principles of our development — the determination to succeed — the *will* to rise. But there is a dark side to this picture. To counterbalance the really noble efforts of a proper ambition, was a willingness to blind conscience in the service of the king, the connection with the impeachment and death of Buckingham, and the fatal assent to the divorce of Catharine.

But thus it too often is with our poor human nature. An ambition, noble in itself, is too often degraded by the very means it seeks to rise upon. Can we, then, while reprehending the course pursued by Wolsey to obtain the great object of his life, fail to drop the tear of pity over the misuse of those God-like faculties all men possess in some degree, and which all may equally degrade? Christian charity is the only panacea of our humanity.

We turn wearily from the men of England in that age, and find in Wolsey's character an oasis in an intellectual desert. We study reverentially his history, and mark with sorrow the points of his deflection from the right. We know that Henry was ungrateful, that the nobility was envious, that Anne Boleyn was a wretched woman, raising herself, on the unsubstantial foundation of other's ruin, to the throne, the guerdon of her shame, and the pledge of her destruction; but we consider Wolsey's fate well-merited, and hardly regret that the hands which meted out his punishment rendered more poignant his sufferings.

Men have reproached him with displaying womanly weakness in his fall. For a time, he did give way to passionate sorrow; but we must remember that his was an imperious nature, loving power as life: and feeling the sway of England snatched rudely from his grasp, the hope of the Papal tiara destroyed, his influence in European councils at an end, the whole fabric of long years of arduous toil demolished in a day, and for a wanton woman's love, can we wonder that the tempest swept wildly over his heart-strings? Should we not rather be amazed that he did not sink at once beneath its blasts?

But the consolations of religion were left him, and all his ambition and misdeeds we can pardon and forget, for those words of penitential sorrow: 'Had I but served my God with half the zeal I served my king, He would not in mine age have left me naked to mine enemies.'

There is a moral all may apply in the life and death of Thomas Wolsey; and Shakspeare has given it utterance:

'Oh! how wretched
Is that poor man that hangs on princes' favors!
There is betwixt the smile we would aspire to,
That sweet aspect of princes and their ruin,
More pangs and fears than wars and women have;
And when he falls, he falls, like Lucifer,
Never to hope again.'

L I N E S T O A C L O U D .

THROUGHOUT the sky's vast arch of blue,
 There is no other cloud in view,
 Save that which is as softly lying
 Upon the breeze, light, white, and fair,
 As if some eagle, heavenward flying,
 Had dropped a plume upon the air.
 Whither, say, whither, art thou going,
 So steadily, though no wind is blowing?

A deep calm filleth earth and sky,
 All things are drooping dreamily:
 Though the sun is shining clear and bright,
 The stillness is like that of night:
 The birds are sleeping in the trees,
 The herds are sleeping in their shade:
 You cannot hear a single breeze
 Stirring throughout the silent glade:
 They, too, are hushed in slumber deep,
 Like death even more than slumber seeming:
 They do not even start in sleep;
 They are not even dreaming.

But thou, strange cloud, art hurrying
 As if thou wert a living thing:
 As some stray bird, lost from its flock,
 Yet breasts alone the breezes' shock,
 And, scenting an aerial path,
 Still speeds, with all the power it hath,
 Upon the journey they have gone:
 Thus, lonely bird, thou movest on,
 Urged by the impulse of unrest,
 Ever, ever toward the west.

Has some black cloud, the pioneer
 Which leads the war-march of the storm,
 Thundered a sound, which thou canst hear,
 Calling the clouds their ranks to form?
 Sailing so high, canst thou behold
 His banner on the winds unrolled,
 Which, darkly spreading, when unfurled,
 Keeps sun-light from this lower world,
 Giving to startled man instead
 The torch of lightning, flashing red?
 And wouldst thou go, strange cloud, to be
 A sharer in that revelry?

Ah! foolish cloud, thy little life
 Would soon be lost within the strife:
 Thy graceful form, which only grew
 From feeding on the silver dew,
 Which thou hast sipped, at morning hours,
 From cups of many-colored flowers,
 Before the bee and humming-bird
 Had from their leafy coverts stirred,
 Would melt and vanish in the fray:

A few big drops of summer rain
 Would fall upon the parchéd plain,
 As falleth blood from one that's slain,
 And that would end thy little day.

Better remain, fair cloud, and be
 A blessing to yon desert sky ;
 Some eyes from earth would gaze on thee,
 Some hearts would feel, unknowing why,
 A throb of love and sympathy :
 For the heart which is affectionate
 Loves even things inanimate,
 Which the CREATOR hath endowed
 With beauty, such as thine, fair cloud.

In vain, in vain : thou wilt not stay :
 Thou speedest westwardly away,
 Fainter and fainter to the eye,
 Like a snow-flake on the sky :
 And now thou 'rt hidden from my view,
 Lost in the depths of heaven's blue.

E l l a s - L a n d .

F A T H E R G R E E N ' S S T O R Y .

N U M B E R F I F T E E N .

ON the morning succeeding my interview last related with Father Green, Emily made known at her own breakfast-table the condition of the Florentine. At noon, your mother, in pursuance of previous arrangement, sent a message to Emily, repeating the symptoms of the morning : the sick woman was surely not better ; perhaps not worse. By some touch of nature she had become their sister ; they had adopted her, and had arranged between themselves that no unfamiliar voice or touch should startle her nerves. It may be that kind affections sometimes react upon themselves with influences not unblest or unhallowed. Since the advancing perils of disease cut off the admission of ungentle neighbors, and narrowed the approach to the sick-room, new and cheerful strength to encounter fatigue has come, with each returning watch, to your mother and Emily. Ministering spirits they seem, fraught with human sympathies, and their countenances lighted up with such love as might beam in heaven. The sick woman always inhales some little breath of content from the approach of either. Day by day the color fades from their faces, and languor hangs upon their steps ; but the growth of sisterhood inspires them, and fountains of love bathe and refresh them. No touch of conscious weariness has reached them. In that sick-room are seen and heard only hopeful smiles and pleasant voices.

In the evening Father Green accompanied Emily to Ellas-land. Soon after their arrival, he and I took to the fields. Your little brother, fond of hearing conversation, and especially fond of Father Green, protested against our leaving him behind ; and when he found it inevitable, tuned his pipes on a high key, in a series of ululations not easy to suppress. We took a by-way, out upon a solitary knob which overlooked the valley, and seated ourselves on the roots of a large bush, lightning-blasted, and fearfully torn. Father Green fixed his eyes upon the tree for a moment, and then proceeded with his story.

‘I committed a mistake. A visit to my old father, a month’s fishing and hunting, would have put me right. A short experience among the clear currents of his common-sense, pure and healthful as mountain-streams, would have restored me. Feeling as I should have felt, to cling around me the rugged strength of his affection, rooted as oaks, unwavering as hills, I would have thrown off every morbid tendency, and become whole. But my existence was stagnant, like the pool of Bethesda, when no angel stirred it. I wished to be lost from myself, and from all who had known me. The pleasant aspects of life were blotted out. I would as soon have been spit upon as to have been offered sympathy. It would have seemed kindness for deep waters to swallow me, for rocks to fall upon and crush me. Diabolic thoughts of suicide grinned and gibbered at me, but were instinctively abhorred : a long scene of grinning and gibbering on their side, of abhorrence on mine, which could not drive them away. To be rid of life were pleasant ; but to force one’s way out of it, was an act of self-abuse to be scorned. Haply it might be burned out by the luxury of a fever, or in some deep forest an unexpected tomahawk might end it. I imagined myself to be reading an obituary suitable for such an occasion, and arranged in my mind over and over again the phraseology most likely to be adopted by a back-country newspaper, to announce the death of an unknown person. ‘The West’ was then a phrase much on the tongues of men, and full of indefiniteness, solitudes, adventures, sickness, empire, and I know not what. It seemed to me much like God : vast, dreary, disappointing, unmeasured, immeasurable. I followed a vague appetite which led me, whither I neither cared nor knew, if only to the shades. Means of conveyance were then few and unattractive. Distance now traversed easily in a day, was then the fatigue of weeks. I committed another mistake. Time had no value to me. I should have swung a knapsack, and made the journey on foot, resting at farm-houses, picking up digestion and mental health among rural people and picturesque scenes. But I took passage on the canal, in a poor line-boat, seeking seclusion, and supplying my own food, which was cheap and simple. For the body I cared little ; and as to the soul, why, what was it ? Where from, whither bound, or was there indeed such a thing ? On that long, silent journey, I read and re-read the Dialogues of Plato. Where, said I to myself, shall I find the true ? Here is the character of Socrates, quite a grand affair ; but was there such a man, or did Xenophon and Plato build upon the grave of their friend, called Socrates, an ideal ? Did the genuine Socrates refuse to escape from prison for the reasons urged in the Dialogue ? Did he occupy the entire day of

his death discoursing concerning the immortality of the soul, and in the manner set forth? In what respect am I to consider the character of Socrates and his friends more real than the character of Mr. Pickwick and his friends? I needed to find a corner-stone of truth. Every touch I had given the world gave back a hollow sound, as if from an empty cask. Plato was like the rest. Professing to love truth and virtue, he scatters through his productions mean and untruthful imputations concerning the Sophists; a class of men in all respects as good as he was. The triumphs he won over them were verbal merely; displayed in dialogues, both sides of the argument being managed by himself. As if Napoleon at Austerlitz, or Wellington at Waterloo, had commanded both the opposing armies; or as if I should play a game of chess with myself, and one side should be checkmated. This, thought I, is the kind of stuff we learn from professors and historians. Fudge for Socrates! Fudge for Plato! He used the money of Dionysius, and was weak enough to go to Syracuse, expecting Dionysius to be at the trouble and hazard of managing government, giving him, Plato, the credit of it. Weaker still, he expected Dionysius to govern according to syllogisms: very much as Sieyes made syllogisms for the French Revolution. Fudge for Philosophers! Then he complained, calling Dionysius a tyrant, because Dionysius disappointed expectations so childish and unreasonable. Taking Plato's account of the matter, Dionysius was the more amiable and manly of the two! These dialogues, however, strengthened early habits of temperance and self-control, and occupied my mind with thoughts concerning virtue and the Supreme Good. Sometimes, on that long, tortuous journey, a quiet landscape, a child's laugh, or an echo, would become to me an event, and thereon would hang trains of thought. In crossing Lake Erie, I avoided the expense and publicity of steamboats, and sought a place in a sloop, used for coarse freight. We had a rough voyage. Like Æneas were we tossed over many seas. At times it seemed to be quite clear that we must go to the bottom. The crew made up their minds to it, and refused exertion. As for me, it placed me in a new situation. It was, however, merely a question whether I should go in a horizontal or perpendicular direction: down into the depths of the gurgling deep, or horizontally along its surface. Either way showed no prospect but dreary stagnation. I suppose I was too indifferent to be affected as the rest were, for I am sure it was neither courage nor skill; but I found myself in command of the sloop, and worked her into port at Cleveland, with all hands safe. When they took leave of me, they made an ado, and, it might have been imagined, felt grateful to me. Whether they did or not, was to me a matter of indifference. Whatever else might be in store for me, I suspected that I was not born to be drowned. From Cleveland to Cincinnati was another long journey. Here I hired myself as a common fireman, on a steam-boat running to New-Orleans. I made a trip up the Mississippi, and up the Missouri River. There were ample demand and variety of employment for educated persons; but I pleased my fancy with the conceit that the broad, sluggish, and muddy waters of the Mississippi resembled the current of my life. Its snags and sawyers and bayous amused me. Did I see or hear of a boat through

whose bottom a hole was torn by a snag or sawyer, an event more common than now, I would say to myself: I understand that; I know how the boat felt while the dirty flood poured in, and when she sunk. Did a boat or raft run into a bayou, and then stick fast, I thought it very well indeed. I seemed to be in full sympathy *en rapport* with her. Did I pass a wreck, rotting in the mud, and nearly covered with water? Oho! thought I, exactly my case. The curling of the smoke from the smoke-pipes of a boat against the clear night air, often entertained me. The drooping of mosses from cypress-trees, the vast silence, the endless monotony of scene, the occasional plunge of an alligator, were to me themes and mental occupation; the picturesque of dreariness. I had vagaries about the similarities to be found between a solitary steam-boat, groaning, and puffing, and laboring up and down this waste, and a soul dismally wandering over waste tracts of time and eternity. I sought companionship with none, but kept my watch at the fires. I hoped to find fidelity to truth in the so-called Book of Nature, and kept a cheap edition of Shakspeare by me. It did not meet my expectations. The poetical temperament and felicity of expression were charming enough, but in my estimate, his great characters were almost all failures. Think of Richard at the crisis of his fate, on the field of battle, advertising a panic, and roaring for a horse — offering his kingdom for a horse! Hamlet is neither sane nor insane; nor does he represent any possible combination of qualities. Unless he were a young man of sensibility, the death of his father, and infidelity of his mother, could have produced no such effect on him; and if he were a man of sensibility, his treatment to Ophelia was simply impossible. He was neither a lunatic nor a gentleman. Hamlet is not a character, but only a name, which stands to represent an olla-podrida or omelette of intellectual and poetic fragments, not elsewhere available. It requires uncommon art in the actor to make the best of Shakspeare's plays presentable on the stage. In their most successful days, they must have been greatly indebted for their success to the fictitious qualities, and still more fictitious history, imputed to many of the noble families of England. So it seemed to me at that time. But I must not occupy you with stale criticism. There were in those days many rough characters on the Ohio and Mississippi Rivers. Gambling was a common recreation. Steam-boat racing was frequent. First and last, I was involved in many exigencies, whose self-command and indifference to life gave me an unsought notoriety. I need not relate them. I kept clear of the gross habits and vices around me; but I saw so much of the ways of the River, that I became familiar with them. Some of the most cruel suffering I ever beheld, was occasioned to young men allured to the gambling-table. On one occasion, a young man came on our boat, on his way home from New-Orleans. He had been intrusted with the year's crop of cotton, grown upon the family plantation, had sold it, and was returning home with the proceeds of it. A set of desperate sharpers surrounded him, studied his weaknesses, and, after a stout resistance on his part, beguiled him to the gambling-table. He lost stake after stake, till ruin stared him in the face; his eyes became bloodshot, and self-control was no longer possible. He was losing with the hurry of desperation. The trick

by which he was cheated was obvious to me. I know not what impulse led me to ask to speak with him. The winners glared upon me with suspicion, and with an expression which I understood perfectly as an admonition to mind my own business, or expect their resentment; but I took the young man one side, spoke to him kindly, suggested that his luck was not good, that if he pleased, I would take his place, and play for him until he had time to collect his faculties, and play better. I should not lose more than he did, and might lose less. He scrutinized me, and consented. We returned to the table, and explained the arrangement. It was objected to.

‘You prefer,’ said I, ‘to drop the game, rather than risk yourselves with a man who has been on steam-boats. I never played for money, but I have seen others play, and am willing to try a hand, cheating or no cheating.’

‘What do you mean?’ growled two of them at once. ‘Do you insinuate that we cheat?’

‘I mean,’ said I, ‘that I am ready to take this young gentleman’s place, and go on with the game, playing for him; and you may play fair or foul, at your option.’

They probably inferred from my manner and voice, that I did not stand in awe of them, and lowered their tone of intimidation, barely suggesting the propriety of my being less brave on other people’s money.

I said that the suggestion was a good one, that as I had little occasion to use money, it had accumulated on my hands, and if my friend would consent, I would put up my own stakes. He, however, considered it a matter of spirit not to retreat from the game, and insisted upon putting up his money. The game proceeded. The gamblers saw that I had detected the cheat; they were full of suppressed rage and disappointment, and played to disadvantage. I won, and won, till my friend’s money was all returned to him.

‘Now,’ said I, ‘the honors are even. Let us quit, and play no more.’

‘Never say die,’ replied one. ‘Not customary,’ said another, ‘for a *gentleman* to take to his heels in such a state of affairs; but perhaps a stoker may.’ ‘If the *gentleman-stoker*,’ said the first, ‘*dare* risk something on his own hook, there would be more fun in the game.’

‘Very well!’ said I, ‘I am under no further obligation to my friend. I will risk my own money. Let the game proceed.’

Such a run of luck as I had, was almost incredible. I took no pleasure in it, and set no value on the money; but my winnings accumulated until the game was dropped in consequence of the exhaustion of other members of the party. I never saw men look more revengeful and devilish. My idea had been to return them their money, but their threats changed my purpose.

‘I knew a man,’ said one of them, hissing the words in my ear, ‘who interfered with some gentlemen who were carrying on a quiet game on a steam-boat, and who, soon after he reached shore, was suddenly missing; no one ever knew what became of him; winnings and all were missing: had cholera, perhaps: possibly fell from a wharf, and was drowned. Such accidents sometimes happen.’

‘Yes, indeed,’ said I. ‘I knew a case once, where some sporting-characters were fleecing a greenhorn, and a stranger stepped in, and won back the money. They threatened him, and watched him, and one dark night set upon him, with the purpose to commit violence. It happened, however, quite unexpectedly to them, that he knew them to be cowardly rascals and assassins, and was prepared for them. One of them was seen directly making a straight coat-tail in the opposite direction. In the morning, two men were carried to the hospital. Something had happened to them. I never heard whether they recovered. I understood they had no further inclination to try experiments with that particular stranger. Accidents happen in the best-regulated families.’

‘With this friendly exchange of sentiments we parted. What to do with my money was now the question? While we were lying at the wharf in Natchez, I heard there was a slave auction up-town, and determined to see it. I found on the auctioneer’s block a young mulatto man of good frame and pleasing countenance, who was recommended by the auctioneer as an excellent travelling or house-servant. The bidding was spirited, and he was taken by a man of good address and manners, perhaps of the age of forty. I should have thought the chances for finding a good master in him to be great, but for an almost imperceptible sinister expression, which indicated a restless and sour temper. The mulatto showed no sign of pleasure or displeasure at the result. The next offering was a bright and well-developed quadroon girl. The auctioneer assured gentlemen she had a good education, in fact, was just from school. That she had been a great favorite with her master, and had been intended to be freed, but he had died insolvent. An impulse seized me to bid on her, and I found myself competing with the man who had bought the mulatto boy. She went up to what was then a high figure, but I had no other use for money, and when I determined to bid, I determined to buy her at any price. When sold to me, I believe she thought she had fallen into rough hands. The owner of the boy told me he had intended to buy them both; that they were children of the same mother, and bore some resemblance to their late master. He wanted them for house-servants, but my bids had run so high he let me have her. However, he thought as I was a river-man we had better play a game of cards, the winner to have both boy and girl. This I declined, but offered to play for the boy, putting against him as much money as I paid for the girl. This was at length agreed to, and as fortune would have it, I won the boy. You have heard the story of the man who won the elephant. There was I with two slaves, who had no use of slaves, nor had I any definite purpose concerning them. To add to my perplexities, when I took them to the boat, my competitor went with us; and whom should we meet there but my two blacklegs from whom I had won the money, and with whom my competitor was obviously on familiar terms? They three drew a little apart, but my ears being preternaturally acute from recent excitement, I overheard occasional expressions and oaths, cursing me for having broke in upon their plans. We were making the upward trip to Cincinnati. I had taken an early occasion after returning to the boat, to

tell the two slaves that I had no use for them, and that when they should arrive at Cincinnati I should set them free. The three blacklegs, I could perceive, did not give up hopes of owning the girl, if not both, and my mind was prepared for an attempt on their part to abduct the slave from the boat, but not prepared for the trick played. We had passed one stopping-place since taking the slaves on board, when I began to discover myself to be an object of curious attention among the passengers. Eyes followed me and fingers pointed after me. When we approached the next landing, the captain came to me, and expressed his regret that I should have played such a trick on his boat!

‘What trick?’

‘Oh! there is no use in evasion; the negroes are on board, and say they are going to Cincinnati to be free, and three witnesses who saw them come aboard under your directions. Why should you be such a fool as to undertake to run off a couple of slaves? Compared with the whole extent of slavery, any number that can escape with or without help, is as a drop to the ocean. Now if I give you up to the officers, they will probably hang you. If I do not give you up, such a clamor will be raised against the boat that she can get no business. You have behaved like a fool.’

‘I found that the blacklegs had whispered among the passengers a story that the two slaves had been helped by me to escape, and preparations had been made to have both the negroes and myself put on shore at the next landing, as the blacklegs said, ‘to be surrendered to justice.’ I explained to the captain the facts as they had transpired. A crowd gathered around us to hear the explanation, and I pointed to the man who had been my chief competitor at the bidding to corroborate my story. He assured the captain and all who heard him, in mild terms and with great self-possession, that my story, so far as it referred to him, was an entire fiction. He added with cool irony that men in my situation were not apt to have money enough to buy such slaves as these for the mere purpose of setting them free. He had seen a good deal of philanthropy first and last of the same kind: it generally was carried on without much expense. ‘Your philanthropist of the present day,’ said he, ‘makes a very economical and obvious distinction between what he does at his own expense and what at his neighbor’s. If some stop could not be put to this wretched fanaticism, the South must assume the right in self-defence of knowing what boats come among them, and by whom commanded. It was really expecting a great deal of the South to remain in a political union with a portion of the country which made perpetual war on their institutions.’

‘A buzz of conversation ensued, to the effect that I would be put into the custody of a magistrate at the next stopping-place. Meanwhile the two blacklegs from whom I had won the money assumed to take charge of the slaves on behalf of their owners. I saw myself to be the victim of a plot of most devilish ingenuity. Careless as I was of my own fate, the cowardly injustice and meanness of the intrigue roused me to a sense of physical and intellectual force which I have felt but a few times in my life. I stepped boldly into the crowd of passengers, and said:

“I am here alone. In the midst of this crowd the strength of one man is nothing. You know I cannot escape you, nor can I do better than await the results of this accusation. I ask no man’s sympathy, no man’s friendship. All I ask is fair play. When we find a magistrate, I ask simply that he shall be a magistrate. These three men who accuse me are blacklegs and scoundrels. I can take care of them, one to three. Do not you interfere between them and me. They are three, I am one; they are poltroons and knaves, I am what God made me. We *will* have a magistrate, but you here assembled shall see that none of *us four* escape, neither I nor my accusers. That they are ready to perjure themselves, I should do them great injustice to doubt. But I understand how to put their false oaths to the test, and how to follow the catiffs to the penitentiary. Let us see who is most ready for the offices of a magistrate!’

‘Saying this, I stepped up to the one holding the girl, and ordered him to loose his hold. He pulled a pistol, but while doing it I knocked him down. He was probably stunned by the fall, for he did not rise immediately. The other two seized each one of my elbows and tried to pinion me. By a sudden movement I hit the one who had been my competitor at the sale with the point of my elbow a blow in the pit of the stomach, which rolled him up and made him bellow like a calf. A pistol dropped from his clothing as he fell, which I seized and held to the head of the third, and said sternly:

‘Now, you scoundrel! empty your pockets. Show these people how you make your living. Quick! you poltroon, quick, or I will floor you, and do it myself! Out with it, and no trifling!’

‘This whole movement had been so sudden, that neither the crowd on the boat nor the blacklegs had time to collect their thoughts. The poor fellow was nervous, and his countenance showed terror. I hurled the pistol into the river, and seizing him resolutely by the collar, again and somewhat fiercely ordered him to empty his pockets. He looked to his fallen companions for help, one of whom showed signs of reviving.

‘Lie still, Sir!’ said I, giving him a kick that made him groan. ‘Lie still! and you will not be hurt.’ Neither of them affected to be conscious after that, until the third had been compelled to empty his pockets of a set of skeleton keys, a dirk-knife, and a small roll of counterfeit money. Calling for a cord, I tied his elbows behind him, and did the same by each of his fallen companions. A shout of applause rose from the deck of the boat.

‘Now,’ said I, ‘let us have a magistrate: the sooner the better!’

‘We reached the wharf, and sure enough an officer was ready for us. He stepped on board, and arrested me for passing counterfeit money. But the sympathies of the people on board were now in my favor. The money I had paid for the slave girl was in part counterfeit; but it was easy to trace it back to the blacklegs, and exonerate myself. The infernal scheme against me was brought to a crisis just in time to help me through the dangers incurred. I had not good money enough to replace the bad which I had used, but the amount was made up by voluntary contributions on the boat. I began to please myself with the idea that I had done a good thing, and was contriving how to make

ostentation of setting free the slaves ; but they saved me trouble by dispensing with ceremony. As soon as we touched free territory they left me. I began to be known upon the river, and might have had friends ; but, with obstinate discontent, I determined to seek the wilds of the Rocky Mountains.

‘ Were I to relate with what morbid ingenuity my outfit for unexplored prairies and mountains was condensed into a knapsack, what contrivances in miniature for the remedy of accidents by flood and field, and how with a rifle on my arm and a weight of forty pounds upon my shoulders, I pushed forth alone into those wild, inhospitable regions, it would fill a volume. I took with me but one book, a diamond edition of the BIBLE. This, however, was not from any religious feeling, but from a literary curiosity to study the character of the Patriarchs, and to read some of the passages of Job and Isaiah in the broad realms of untamed nature. In the numerous tribes of Indians I encountered I found few of the qualities I had expected. They are but children, more or less developed, more or less beautified or besotted. I visited tribes not then much troubled by white men. On a few occasions the chances of life and death were reduced to a pretty narrow compass, but on such occasions, acting resolutely on the theory that they were to be treated as children, I became master of the situations, and was safe. I kept no journal, but if I could write out in detail the adventures which befel me, I think the book would be readable. For a while those wanderings furnished physical and mental occupation ; but they grew wearying and monotonous. The blood coursed through my veins in strong currents. My food, when I could get food, was rather devoured than eaten, with eager appetite. On beds of grass or leaves, with the open skies above, sleep came to me without headaches or the troubles of indigestion. All morbid habits of mind and body left me ; I became like one who awakes from a troubled sleep to find the skies smiling, the birds singing, and all cheerful influences surrounding him. Why was I, a scholar, a son, and a husband, then in the midst of vacant solitudes, ranging far from all my capabilities and duties ? Who had missed me from the haunts of men ? Perhaps only my father and my wife. For what trivial cause had I abandoned them from whom alone I could expect comfort and companionship ? The troubles which had appeared so crushing dwindled to nothing. What a speck was I in the universe compared with its vast machinery, how smaller than the grain of sand, the molecule ; yet I had set myself up as a kind of nucleus and centre for the stars and planets to revolve around, and had broken my heart because none except myself had committed the same mistake in regard to my importance. Surely if there were a God, or any principle of reason, I had outraged it. If all were accident, my folly had been no less gross. ‘ Thou shalt love the LORD thy God with all thine heart, and thy neighbor as thyself,’ were words which rang continually in my ears. Surely, thought I, this is so very reasonable, that a God must have said it. What other law is reasonable and consistent with the nature of things ? An individual man, so short-sighted and feeble, placed in such a universe, surrounded by such myriads of beings, like and unlike himself, higher, lower, infinitely varied. If these were all parts of one vast

machine, guided by one mind, what other rule could reason invent for each little separate will, to give it its best liberty, its chances for happiness? I turned to the Sermon on the Mount; indeed, the pages of the BIBLE began to glow. Man's insignificance, the supremacy of God, thoughts of the soul, thronged me. With all his littleness, man had a soul, a germ of the God in him; and what was equally great and impressive, no man had but one. Admitting the existence of soul, surely love was its proper atmosphere. Here was a book whose whole lesson is love to God and love to man, as the proper nutriment and health of souls. Surely God must have been its author; or if man, or men, then only God-like and inspired. Here at last was absolute truth. The Book of Nature and of God was open. I was like a newly-born creature. The whole vast solitudes above and around were luminous with love and beauty. It is needless to rehearse my thoughts. Prayer became an impulse and a pleasure, and the feeling of having at last been adopted into the circle of truth and love, swelled in my bosom. I seemed to talk and walk with God as friend with friend. I need not say that I retraced my steps to civilization. But then came my fever, not when I sought it, but when eager for reünion with friends. At last I trod again the familiar paths of home. But my father was no longer alive. My wife I could not find. Her father's family had broken up and scattered. Some six months after I left her she became the mother of a boy. She had left New-Haven to reside with a sister in New-York. This much I learned. A fatal cholera season followed. Her sister was believed to have been a victim, perhaps she herself. The street that knew them in New-York knew them no more. It had changed its people and its aspects. I could trace her no farther. I inserted advertisements, but all in vain. I had thought I knew what solitude was on the prairies, but now was my greatest solitude. Neither my wife nor my boy could be heard of. From a long, aching, and fruitless search at length I yielded, seeking with acts of kindness and duty to fill the time allotted me, believing that in God's own time my wife and boy would be found. I never felt that they were dead. Now, Sir, you can say whether we are to continue friends? You know my story. Have I, or not, suffered enough to appease your sense of justice? I feel at this moment as one might imagine this blasted tree to feel, if some unseen power should whisper to its conscious trunk that its sundered branches were to be reünited, its sap again to circulate, and its scorched limbs again to put forth buds and leaves.'

E V A .

FAIR October dieth ever
 On old Autumn's heartless breast,
 And our flowrets always shiver
 As bleak storms howl from the west :
 And the river,
 Sighing, veils her leaf-strown breast.
 And the winds sweep down the willows,
 As the nights bear down the days,
 And engulfed amid the billows

Are all June's coquettish rays :
 But the willows
 Never sighed to such lone lays.

As this evening, at the burn-side,
 For this evening, sad and lone,
 Every gust that shakes the casement
 Whispers in a mournful tone
 That the angel,
 Fair EVANGELINE, is gone !

GAY HUMBOLDT.

S T A N Z A S .

'EL ULTIMO SOSPIRO DEL MORO.'

BY A NEW CORRESPONDENT.

'BOABDIL spurred on at full speed, till his panting charger halted at the little village where his mother and his faithful wife ARMINA awaited him. Joining these, he proceeded upon his melancholy path. They ascended that eminence which is the pass into the Alpuxarras. From its height, the vale, the river, the towers, and the spires of Grenada broke gloriously upon the view of the little band. Suddenly the distant boom of artillery broke from the citadel, and rolled along the sun-lighted valley and crystal river. An universal wail burst from the exiles; it smote, it overpowered the heart of the ill-starred King, in vain seeking to wrap himself in the eastern pride or stoical philosophy. The tears gushed from his eyes, and he covered his face with his hands. The band wound slowly on through the solitary defiles; and that place where the King wept at the last view of his lost empire is still called '*El ultimo suspiro del moro*,' 'the last sigh of the Moor.' — BULWER.

THE Moorish King, alone and sad,
With folded arms and drooping head —
In weeds of sorrow humbly clad,
But none the less a monarch's tread —

From jewelled crown and sceptre flees,
Though his proud conquerors bid him stay:
For royalty is ill at ease,
Encompassed by another's sway.

His beard is white as Alpine snows,
And hot the blood flows through his veins:
His cheek with fading honor glows,
His eye the fire of youth retains.

Absorbed in thought akin to pain,
Full many a league he wanders on;
When lo! he stops to view again
The city where the crescent shone.

Afar the royal city sleeps,
Bestud with moslems quaint and queer,
And high o'er all Alhambra keeps
Her watches through the waning year.

A sleepy pile of mountains rise,
Like islands veiled in ocean's spray:
The sun still clings to western skies,
As winter to the skirts of May.

'Farewell, Grenada; fare thee well,
Alhambra: ALLAH wills it so.'
A sigh escaped, a tear-drop fell,
The first, the last from *Del Moro*.

Ah! Moorish King, thy court's a camp
Within yon darker woodland now:
'T was thine own hand that lit the lamp
That shed such lustre on thy brow.

Though crown nor jewel decks thy head,
 Thou art no menial serf or slave :
 For honor to thy childhood said,
 Freedom emancipates the brave.

Beside the Xenil freedom's song
 Shall ever echo to thy name,
 The world its music shall prolong
 While Justice drives the car of fame.

G. M. B.

NOTES OF A PRAIRIE TRIP.

FROM THE MEMORANDUM-BOOK OF 'THE SCRIBE.'

WERE you ever in a thunder-storm on a prairie? No? Then you are to be pitied, cordially pitied; for you have but meagre ideas of the commingling of the terrible and the sublime.

Business, some years ago, when our great South-west was outside of the 'age of progress,' called me to take a trip of some two hundred miles across our vast rolling prairies. At that period we were not so rich in appliances of travel as we now are; the snorting of the steam-horse had not 'astonished the natives' of our western wilds, and he who travelled took the independent, aristocratic course of mounting his own pony, (if he had one,) or hitching him into harness, and making his way, in spite of wind or weather, over the broad prairies, or through the dense forests, taking it easily, caring little for time, and whistling 'dull care away,' as he slowly jogged, or heavily rolled along.

My travelling companion was Smith—not John, the celebrated, but one of the same extensively-known and deeply-interesting family, and withal respectable, for we are writing about the Smiths, and would be particular: Scarum Smith, of whom, if his history be not well known to the reader, we will take the liberty of saying that he was a clever fellow, the possessor of many noble qualities. And now that he has passed from this terrene stage, I will do justice to his memory on the score of my indebtedness, by informing the reader that his (Scarum's) horses and wagon performed the burdens of the journey. This was clever—it was in the covenant—Smith was to furnish team and drive, and to take the Scribe along for the pleasure of his company; the Scribe in the mean time, being the gentleman of leisure, was to consult the inclinations of his purse on all occasions. This was better! And so Scarum, though late, we discharge our obligations to thy memory, and we breathe freer! *Requiescat in pace!*

In fine spirits, about noon, late in the month of May, we took our departure from Muddington, steering nearly due west, and intending to make the nearest town, about forty miles distant, some time that night. But alas! our anticipations were not realized.

With your kind indulgence, Sir, or Ma'am, or Miss, by way of episode, we here advise you, once for all, never to predicate too strongly in the number of miles to be made in a given period on a western or south-western prairie. You might as often as otherwise be disappointed. Suppose, for instance, you should expect to be married on a given day, and your intended should live a hundred miles distant, over expansive prairies: then I should advise you to leave home in time! *Verbum sap*: Patience is a noble virtue, and nobly tested in prairie-travel. He who has not a goodly measure of Job's grace had better remain at home, especially if he has better employment than snail-creeping and mud-fighting on a wild prairie, unless he wishes to contract the naughty habit of swearing! We, it is true, did not contract this wretched habit, that is, Scarum Smith and I; but there were good reasons in both our cases why we did not, which, though they must be nameless, except to say I would not and Scarum could not, yet I doubt that many others of ordinary flesh and blood, could take the same journey, grand and glorious as it was, and remain in perfect innocence of this grave offence. One other piece of advice we will indulge our benevolence in: never think of starting on such a trip without a bottle of good brandy, for your stomach's sake; you will not have journeyed far without finding a use for it.

Fortunately, or unfortunately — the former we suppose, as all things happen for the best — a friend, sympathizing with my wants, had presented me with a bottle of prime 'Otard,' old as the hills — none of your chemical stuff manufactured from 'pine-top,' but the genuine Simon-pure, from the Custom-house, branded by our honest old Uncle Samuel, who never cheats — at least it is so said — I do not vouch for the fact, for he has credit enough without my indorsement; and the Scribe values his word!

The brandy was good, and no mistake; good to 'make drunk come,' as the sequel will show.

We had made about twenty miles over the flat, wild, and rugged prairie, which stretches away between our glorious western home (Muddlington is in the neighborhood of Cat-fish-hole, away down here, if you must know our whereabouts) and our evening's destination, steering our course now along the dim outlines of a road, and then striking an independent line, following our noses whithersoever they led us, when I began to discover unmistakable signs of queerness in Scarum. Nothing went right with him; every thing was upside down, hind-part before, wrong-side outward; he was sleepy, sickish, half-dead; his horses were very foolish and contrary; the wagon was rocky, reelly, and threatened to upset even on level ground. Scarum was in a tall way! He was developing an idiosyncrasy for which I was not prepared! All this while I had forgotten the 'Otard,' which (except when Scarum, who sat in front to drive, cabbaged a drink of it while I was expatiating on the grandeur of the wild scenery of the prairie) remained in a travelling-bag at the feet of the aforesaid Scarum. Scarum was unmistakably 'How came ye so?' The Otard was strong; Scarum loved a 'wee bit o' it'; his libations had been deep! Reaching forward, I gathered up the travelling-bag, drew forth to the light of day the mis-

chievous bottle, when lo! its contents were diminished one-half! Think of it — a full pint of Otard under Scarum's belt!

Scarum being now past accountability, it only remained for me to do the next best thing I could, namely, seize the reins, and leave him to snooze in the dream-land of Otard, reserving my scolding for some more favorable period.

I was in a wild prairie, wholly lost, knowing nothing of course or distance, twenty miles perhaps from human habitation, the sun fast declining in the west. My feelings, it may be imagined, were not of the most comfortable character. To add to my consternation, a heavy thunder-cloud began to lower in the distance, and to drop its heavy folds down upon the earth, as if to shroud the vast prairie in the habiliments of wo, and close in the remaining light of day. Ah! my kind friend, (of the Otard,) what have you done unto me? — It was meant for kindness, but alas! such a kindness as sends a poor fellow adrift on the merciless, storm-driven ocean, without chart, helm, or compass! Alas! alas! that I should meet the Storm-king thus!

Meantime Scarum had sank back in his snooze, wholly unconscious of passing events.

'Naught cared he for wind or weather.'

A thousand thunder-storms would not have disturbed the stillness of 'the profound' in which he dwelt.

The cloud swept on, rolling up in its blackness of darkness, like the awful simoom of the desert.

When it chooses to rain on one of these western prairies, it does it, I fancy, with a better grace than elsewhere. It disdains the gentle drizzle, the genial shower, that makes a kindly pattering on the windows, and rejoices the hearts of the little flowers; but it comes heartily, with good cheer, in rivers, torrents, floods; rush, rush, rush, pour, pour, pour, as if every thing on the earth and everywhere else depended on its vehemence and industry. In a few moments it rained rivers, it poured in torrents, concealing even the horses from my view, saving only as the flashes of lurid lightning, gleaming in their awful magnificence over the vast prairie, revealed them to me. But the rain I did not regard, and never do so long as I can keep my head above water. But the awful sublimity of the lightning, the terrible crashings of thunder, were overpowering! It dwindled a life-time into a moment! It seemed as though I stood in the midst of the dissolution of the universe,

'Mid the wreck of matter and the crush of worlds,'

with only poor Scarum at my side! Had there been a comet expected at that time, I should have given up all hope of seeing Jemima and the prospective little Scribes on this side of *terra firma*, that is certain.

My heart almost died within me. Peal after peal of 'HEAVEN'S artillery,' more crashing and terrible than a thousand Waterloos all at once, succeeded each other every minute, while the vast plain was enveloped in a sheet of living light, which threatened to devour man and beast! Fiery serpents played in the clouds, wreathing themselves into a thousand fantastic forms, or leaped to the earth as if intent on some portentous mission of destruction!

Sakes! it was a time. I did not feel as big as the smallest pismire on the prairie. Oh! if a man ever wants to feel little, less, least, let him try such a time as this, and my word for it he'll blow and breathe freer when it's over!

All this dreadful time, while I carried my heart in my mouth, Scarum lived in the land of dreams; soaring, doubtless, above or below

'This dim spot which men call earth,'

he expatiated on the loveliness of some Elysian field, sanctified by the imaginations of the poets, where all is serene and glorious, and naught disturbs the peaceful contemplations of the soul! Who would not have exchanged positions with Scarum for that one brief hour? But ah! the Otard. 'There's the rub on 't!' Give me the clear, bright, unclouded, glorious mind, be it ever so humble! Away with the Otard for us, we say. On this point we know philosophers differ, but that boots little to us — our mind is fully made up, settled, fixed, and not to be changed. Away, we say, with the Otard!

We never thought to get Scarum's experiences for that long hour, the longest we ever spent, but the shortest to him: it is to be regretted. But let that pass now. He is gone! It is late, too late! We shall ride with him no more. Poor Scarum! we drop a tear to his memory! No more will the little feet make music on the threshold as they run 'pitty,' 'patty,' 'pitty,' 'patty,' at the well-known words, 'Pappy is coming, pappy is coming!' No more will his ears greet that joyous sound which rings the merry welcome to the long-absent father! No more will 'gude wife' hang about the window and strain her eyes down the long and shaded lane, holding baby in her arms, big with expectation of candy and cake and nuts, and hosts of good things, looking anxiously with palpitating heart for the first signs of his approach! Ah! well; it makes one steal softly away to drop a silent tear, to think of all this. The world is full of tears, of sharp, piercing sorrows. 'Dust to dust, ashes to ashes!' How it makes a trembling in the heart and a quivering on the lips to face that sentence! How sublimely does it reveal the deep mysteries of life and show us the stuff we are made of! How does it throw a pall over the brightest, the loveliest of the things of this poor earth! Poor Scarum, thy wife and thy little ones shall be cared for!

But where are we? With his head negligently thrown back, his mouth half-open, his fine new beaver crushed beneath his feet, the rain pouring through the top of the wagon, falling upon his bare, massive, and independent forehead, and thence running down his neck, and from the back of his head pouring down almost in a torrent, Scarum presented a picture for an artist.

Never man took the world so easily as did our friend. Think too of the agonies that I suffered in the anticipation of the momentary snapping of his neck! His position, as described above, was favorable to such an operation; and when the horses leaped and plunged in affright during the vivid discharges of lightning, his head flew back like the head of a boy's 'nimble-jack;' and if his neck had not been made of gutta percha, or some such compound, as it must have been, it certainly

would have snapped! But he was fixed. The roarings of Niagara would not have disturbed his dream. So we leave Scarum Smith.

Before dark the storm rolled away, and the pale new moon in the west revealed to me somewhat of my course.

We had journeyed fifteen miles out of our way! And there was Jemima nearly two hundred miles off, expecting the knot to be tied next day evening! Jemima will be impatient, and wonder why he tarrieth so long! But it can't be helped. (Here she is looking over my left.) I wish you could see her blush at seeing her name in—well, 'print,' (for I expect it will be printed.) So you see I was in time!

Fifteen miles out of the way! This is nothing! We knew a man who travelled all night on a prairie, and next morning he was exactly where he started from; his horse had gone around in a circle all night!

Every house in this land is the traveller's home. This is one of the glories of the land! As I drew near the residence of Col. Grimes, (considerate friend, if you ever travel in this part of the world, never fail to call every man either Colonel, Doctor, or General: if you do not it will be resented as an insult at the point of the bowie-knife, or something else,) I gave Scarum a nudge, then a shake, and last of all, an awful punch, for I desired to see if there were any signs of vitality. The last operation was followed by a grunt; he was at least alive! This was a great comfort.

'Scarum!'

A feeble groan.

'Scarum!'

A hiccough. 'Oh! oh! oh! do n't! Go away!' And Scarum opened one eye to the subject.

'H-a-l-l-o! Wh-e-re — are — we?'

'I do n't know.'

'The D-E-V-I-L!'

'No, Scarum, not the Devil, but the Otard!'

'The Devil! I say, you are lost. You are a great driver!' Scarum was reviving.

'My hat! my hat! Mashed into mush! Wet as a rat, by jingos!'

We found delightful quarters—good! The next morning, about nine o'clock, we reached what was to have been our first day's stopping-place. This proved to be the far-famed town of 'Sleepy Hollow,' situated on a majestic bluff of a branch of the noble Rundeepe. But we pause not to describe it. It is a glorious place for Otard and fever-and-ague. Just here the glories of our trip began to be developed. For in a journey westward from Muddlington, the beauty and fertility of this great western land begin to be revealed at 'Sleepy Hollow.' A majestic and slightly-undulating prairie, almost entirely free from timber or shrubbery, except on the far-distant borders, stretches away westward twenty-five miles. It was a balmy and glorious afternoon in May that we rode over this grand ocean-like prairie. The rain of the day before had given new life and beauty to the luxuriant vegetation, and sent a thrill of joy to the heart of the enchanting world around us. The road was now fine, and we jogged along at the rapid rate of ten miles an hour, fanned by a fresh and soothing breeze which met us from the

west, drinking in new delights every moment. As far as the eye could reach, north, south, east, or west, there rolled this noble expanse of land, with its tall prairie-grass waving gracefully in the wind, while flowers of a thousand hues peeped modestly up from the midst of the living green, revealing their budding and blooming loveliness, and painting the scene with the rainbow-tints of joy and gladness. The richly-colored marigold, and the delicate virgin-like white prairie-lily, the very queen of Flora's delectables, regaled the air with their sweetness. Here and there, in droves of thousands, the most beautiful of the bovine tribe that ever gladden the eye, luxuriated on the richness of the pasturage. What steaks and rounds and sirloins walked in glory over that plain ! On this afternoon, and on this prairie alone, I counted upward of two hundred deer within range of gun-shot : the beautiful creatures would bound up, jump off, face about, pause, and narrowly scan us, and then hie away in their freedom, as if they were too aristocratic to touch the earth, or come in contact with so lowly a creature as man. Then, too, we enjoyed the cheerful warblings of the manifold bird-tribes that find their homes on these wild but glorious land-oceans, while thousands of richly-variegated butterflies basked in the sun-light, or bathed their wings in the balmy breath of evening, or kissed ambrosial sweetness, as it were, from the lips of the laughing flowers, adding variety and beauty to the scenery : all enjoying, man and beast, and feathered songsters, and winged insects, to the full, the delights and glories of the evening. And such an evening ! An evening in the jocund month of May, on a grand prairie, the world around hushed into stillness and bathed in beauty ! O my soul ! how grand, how sublime ! You might hear the very throbbings of your own heart, be still, and know that you stood in the Holy of Holies of one of Nature's grand cathedrals, while in silent communings with your own spirit you might unite in the high chorus of the worshippers around you ! The heavens bespangled with rosy-hued clouds, the birds singing their evening hymns, the flowers laughing and smiling in joy, the air laden with balm and fragrance ! What a heart-lesson ! what a picture to be painted upon the memory, never to be effaced !

It required no poetic imagination, on such an evening and in the midst of such scenery, to fancy the delights of Eden, its lovely bowers,

‘Inviting to rest and repose,’

its balmy atmosphere, its placid rest, and peaceful joy ! To be thus alone with Nature and Nature's God in the hallowed evening hour, expands the heart and lifts the soul to the great FATHER of the universe ! A noble prairie on such an afternoon preaches to the appreciative heart sermons of surpassing eloquence, that are uttered by a thousand tongues oracular with the fire that burns on the altar of Infinite Wisdom, Goodness, and Mercy ! But we ignore the poetic. We are in a world of realities, and can cull but few of the choice flowers that bloom along the way-side of life !

As twilight closed in, we bade farewell to the Elysian scene, and by dark we reached the beautiful residence of Captain K —, on the extreme western edge of the prairie. Here we met all the elegance

and cultivation of the older States. Captain K—— and his accomplished wife received us courteously and kindly for the night, but informed us that we could proceed no farther west for some days; for that the River Runderp was swollen half a mile beyond its usual bounds, and being minus bridge or ferry, it was impossible for us to cross it. Here was a dilemma! My business was of the most urgent character, and to be cut short here for a week or more was not to be endured, although we were in capital quarters.

Scarum encouraged me: said we would bide our time till the morning, and see what could be done. Fortune favors the brave! It favored me, as the sequel will prove; but thereby hangs a tale!

Captain K—— took us over his grounds in the morning. He was a perfect patriarch, even to the long beard; and monarch of all he surveyed,

‘From the centre all round to the sea;’

and indeed embracing the sea, if for sea we substitute prairie; for a vast, undulating prairie, with its tall grass gracefully bending to the breeze, is the aptest type that earth can produce to the great ocean. His nearest neighbor was twenty miles distant. He counted his cattle on his prairie by the thousands. Some ten years previous he had retired from the army, and with all his cultivation and refinement, had planted himself on this wild but enchanting spot, to be the father of generations, and the pioneer of a mighty civilization! Such a man deserves a monument at the hands of his countrymen; for he is essentially a benefactor of his race. Here, in the midst of his charming family, he was passing his days in peace, a patriarch-priest, retired from the noisy and bustling world, in love with the beautiful creation around him, rarely seeing the face of man, other than his own dependents, except when he played the host to the jaded traveller, as he did so nobly to us. May HEAVEN smile on Captain K——, and bless him in his charming and innocent home!

We got off early in the morning. Scarum was bent on making the journey, and you may be sure I was nothing loth!

We rattled across the plains, westward from Captain K——’s some six miles, when, lo! the mighty Runderp (for mighty it was in its swollen majesty) stood before us in all its portentous ugliness. My heart sunk within me. It was not to be forded. Its sullen waters, as they rolled their sluggish way through the overhanging boughs and underwood, and past the great oaks which, as grim giants, stood boldly up in the forest, frowned darkly upon our enterprise, warning us to retrace our steps, nor dare to launch upon its muddy and angry bosom. Alas! for disappointments! how they blight the fondest hopes! How they write their name ‘LEGION’ upon the most cherished anticipations of the youthful heart! We gave up in despair. After maturely surveying the scene of our discomfiture and defeat, and being wrapped half-an-hour in silent meditations upon the portentous current, we reluctantly but philosophically turned our backs upon the Runderp, and bade it an ungracious farewell. We had retraced our steps about three miles, when Scarum’s quick eye rested on three stalwart men, who galloped across

the prairie on their fleet mules, a mile in advance of us. They were navigating at a rapid pace ; but sound travels well on a prairie, and the human voice is sublime, a treat, a joy, to a man accustomed to the solitary life of the 'cattle-driver.'

'Hallo ! Stop there ! Hold on !' sung Scarum, at the top of his voice.

The little fleet hove to. They proved to be 'cattle-drivers,' as they are termed in this part of the world ; men who live on the prairies, and attend to branding the young stock, and otherwise looking after them, leading the life of prairie-shepherds. These men mount a mule, take a wallet of meal, a piece of bacon, some coffee, sugar, and a tin cup — provisions for two or three weeks — and with a blanket, away they go on their mission, frequently living out weeks at a time ; the earth their bed, the sky their covering by night. It is a free, hardy, and glorious life ; nor is the conquering leader of armies prouder of his achievements than are these valiant and chivalrous knights of the prairies.

'Can you get us across the Rundeeep ?'

'Dunno. We mought. There's a hull of a boat up the river a piece, that mought carry you and your luggage over ; and ef we could pull the wagin through the stream, and swim the horses over, we mought do somethin'.

'You are a philosopher ! Are you willing to try ?' (Looks at his companions.)

'Dunno. What 'll ye pay ?'

'Almost any thing !'

'Will you gie us ten dollars to put you on yan' side ?'

'Gladly !'

'Nough said !'

One of the men hurried up the river, and in half-an-hour we heard a dead clanking sound from the depths of the flooded forest : 'knock-tank, knock-tank, knock-tank.' Oh ! but it was music to my ears, and made my heart leap with joy ; for it proved to be the sound of an oar on a sort of boat, which soon made its appearance, looking for all the world, as it steered and veered about through the muddy water and wet bushes, like a great lubberly turtle of the loggerhead order, (not one of Professor J. C. Hannibal's tribe.) And what a boat ! How primitive ! A few rough planks nailed together in box-form, about nine feet long, and as leaky as a sieve, was the mighty vessel which was destined to bear us, luggage and all, three-eighths of a mile over the swollen tides of the Rundeeep ! It is an Herculean task : how shall it be managed ?

There are more ways to kill a dog beside hanging him, as I know by experience ; and so we shall get over the Rundeeep, as philosophers get over difficulties. Leave it to Scarum and the knights of the prairie. Scarum had taken a slug of brandy on the strength of it, consequently his genius was fast developing. In the multitude of counsellors, it was determined that the horses should pass over first. This was accomplished in this wise, (and I shall be explicit in my statements, that the reader, should he ever be in a similar fix, in pursuit of a wife under difficulties, may know how to act.) The men drove the team, wagon

and all, out to the edge of the rapid current, which was as far as the river was fordable; there they detached the horses from the vehicle; then one of them jumping into the little crazy boat, paddled over, while another, seated in the stern, held on to the rein of one of the horses, which, plunging in, swam nobly over to 'yan' side;' the other horse soon suffered a similar fate. Bravo! The stock is rising in the market! Jemima need n't hang her head at this rate.

The condition of affairs was now just this: We and our baggage were on the east side of the swollen Rundeeep, our horses on the west, and our wagon in the middle of the river, (only not in water deep enough to float it.) What next? These 'cattle-drivers' always have an abundance of rope with them; it pertains to their profession. They could hang themselves at any time they pleased, provided always that at the proper moment they could find a tree. Looking out the best clearing through the forest, they soon tied on to the shafts of the wagon enough rope to reach across to the other shore, and going over in the boat, and planting themselves firmly on the opposite side, they perforce pulled the vehicle right amain through the water, and got it safely over. It was a noble task, and philosophically performed. Sir Isaac Newton, in his sublimest discoveries, never excelled that task! So I thought then! Nor have I materially changed my mind since. I do n't know how this would have been had I been disappointed in Jemima!

Once or twice we trembled for the old wagon, while it lay almost out of sight, struggling mightily with the angry current; but the six stalwart arms were too potent for the opposing power; the rope, too, was true to its office, and we were soon relieved from all anxiety.

Meantime, I should have stated that Scarum, who had stripped himself to the shirt, had waded out several times to the wagon, where it seems he had left the brandy: what farther took place in these visits the Scribe saith not. But Scarum was getting queer — decidedly so!

The position of affairs was now precisely this: Horses and wagon on the west side; Scarum, the Scribe, and the baggage, on the east of the Rundeeep. And we must cross; but the baggage first. Well, that is safely over, and now comes the tug of war with Scarum and the Scribe. Ah! NICKERBACKER, (I give you the good and true old spelling; your name is, by rights, KNICKERBACKER, not *bocker*, and I know it,) were you ever in a tight place? Now look at that old turtle of a boat, reeling, careering, and plunging about in the water, threatening to go to the bottom, and with it taking all hands to 'Davy Jones's locker,' and say if your Scribe was not getting into uncomfortable quarters! Boat, Sir! It was no boat at all. It was a hull. Three straight planks, I tell you, nine feet long, one on the bottom, and one on each side, with a short upright piece at each end, more like a false coffin than any thing else, and as rusty with age as though it had been dug up with some Egyptian mummy inside of it. My mind was made up that I was saved from perishing in the storm of the day before, to find a more aristocratic burial in the muddy Rundeeep; for you will agree that it is more aristocratic to be eaten by cat-fish than prairie-wolves. Bah! the last is utterly horrible; and then, in my case, I should certainly have

been 'a goner,' for I am not fond of Cayenne pepper, which is the only preservative against prairie-wolves. They don't like pepper, and therefore never eat a dead Mexican.

But we must try it, that is, the Rundeer. Scarum being top-heavy, and withal too foolish to have sense enough to lie down flat in the bottom of the boat, as he might and would have done, if he had had as much sense as an Egyptian mummy, and the thing being very ticklish, and wonderfully prone to upset, we deemed it most prudent to straddle Scarum across the stern, so that he would balance easily, and ride securely. So we straddled Scarum across the stern of the rickety thing, dropping one leg over either side into the river: and now for it! The old boat had to be handled as gently as one would handle an infant; for it was just as queer as Scarum, any day.

'Shove off! Ha! Steady, there! Take care! Mind! Hold on!'

'Chag! splash! wollop! Ugh! ugh! Gurgle! gurg! gurg!'

'Hallo! hold on! The Devil! Scissors!' Scarum has tumbled off, head foremost, as Pat would say, and there lies kicking and snorting like a shark in shallow water, making the mud fly, and swallowing dirt and water as fast as a bottle, under similar circumstances, would have done. 'Guggle! guggle! guggle!' You might almost hear it run down his throat, as it forced the wind out.

'Zounds and furies! we shall all be drowned.'

The water, as yet, fortunately for Scarum, was shallow; for had the catastrophe taken place in the deep and rapid current, Scarum must have been food for the cat-fish. But we disappointed them of their dainty morsel. The Scribe jumped out, waist-deep, and dragging poor Scarum up by the head, pulled him, *sans ceremonie*, into the crazy boat, held him down flat upon the bottom, while the water gurgled out of his mouth; and in that plight we hurried across. Scarum grunted after awhile, and by that sign I knew he was not dead. But his eyes were big, I assure you!

Now, Sir, there's a picture for your artist! If he can't paint that scene, let him forever renounce his profession!

After all was over, the Scribe had time to draw a long breath, and utter a solemn prophecy: That Scarum Smith was not destined to die by water: which prophecy was literally fulfilled, in the course of human events, by the demise of the aforesaid Scarum, a few years after, in a natural way.

'MAN PROPOSES BUT GOD DISPOSES.'

Yet I lack courage manfully to try

The fate that JULIA's 'Yes' or 'No' discloses:

For even in love the proverb must apply,
That God disposes.

Now I take courage hopefully to try

What fate in JULIA's 'Yes' or 'No' uncloses:

For still in love the proverb must apply,
That man 'proposes.'

T H E U N S A T I S F I E D .

THE rooms were filled with fashion,
The warm air throbbed with sound,
And music, like a passion,
Sped the whirling waltzers round.

Soft silks fair forms enhancing,
Prismatic-hued swept by,
And looks of love entrancing
Graced many a lip and eye.

And murmuring voices sounded
Throughout the mansion gay,
As if pleasure was unbounded,
And life was all a play.

With them I trod the measure,
Breathed many a flattering word,
And sought my draught of pleasure
Among the merry herd.

Yet amidst that scene of gladness
I failed to find delight,
For a wearying sense of sadness
Shed a gloom upon the sight.

Like many a season festive,
The joy seemed overstrained;
And my heart grew wild and restive,
After something unattained.

So when the sounds of laughter
To the banquet led the way,
I ceased to follow after,
As the music ceased to play.

And I wandered where a maiden
Sat in silence and alone,
For she seemed, like me, grief-laden —
A NIOBE of stone.

Her cold, clasped hands seemed pressing
Deep sorrows to her heart,
As she sat in grief depressing,
In silence and apart.

I placed a seat beside her,
And took her hands in mine;
And sought with words to guide her
To a sympathetic shrine.

I told her of the hollow
Delusions of this life —
Of the miseries that follow
False fashion's gainless strife.

I said that folly's pleasure
Was but fuel to the flame,
Consuming life's best treasure,
Her holiest, highest fame.

And I said : 'Have *you* no higher
Want than thus to live ;
Some unsatisfied desire —
Some gift that *I* can give ?'

Then she oped her lips so pallid,
And she answered with remorse :
"Yes : *I'd like some lobster-salad,*
With plenty of the sauce.'

MODUS.

M Y D O G S : ' O L I V E R T W I S T . '

BY JOHN D. McTAVISH OF ALABAMA.

I AM exceedingly fond of dogs. At a period of life when the minds of most boys are engrossed in the selfish games of childhood, and the top and marbles are carelessly stuffed into the pocket of the juvenile sportsman without a single feeling of affection for those instruments of enjoyment, my heart yearned for some living creature upon which I could lavish my love. It was on my tenth birth-day, at the close of a calm summer afternoon, that an old Scotch gentleman, who appreciated my character, drove up to my mother's house, and slowly emerged from his gig with a small hairy object in his hand. 'Jock,' said he, kindly placing the little parti-colored creature in my lap ; 'Jock,' said he, 'I gie you for your birth-day gift a little dawg. He's a' ready unco cannie : tak gude care o' him.'

At first I called the little animal — he was of the wire-haired breed of terriers, with a slight dash of bull ; white in color, with a brindle mark over the left eye, and a spot of the same kind near the root of his tail — 'Sawnie,' in compliment to my benefactor. Very soon, however, his tail acquired the form of a coil, which became at last such a marked peculiarity in his conformation, that I was induced to exchange the name of 'Sawnie' for that of 'Oliver Twist ;' a happy witticism, which was entirely original with myself, though a certain individual attempted afterward to claim the credit of having suggested it.

The mind of every man, who is subjected to the wearing cares of a life of business in a city, recurs with pleasure, during moments of relaxation, to the innocent period of his childhood. I am no exception to the rule ; and often as I sit, apparently listening to the prosy narratives which certain elderly persons are in the habit of inflicting upon the

boarders at the house where I stay, my thoughts are in truth far away in the cherished past; and seldom indeed do I indulge in such reveries without recalling the image of dear little Twist.

For years after he came into my possession he was my inseparable companion; and it was a common remark among our neighbors, that where Johnny was, there was Twist, and where Twist was, there you would certainly find Johnny; and from the excellent character which we both bore, there was a general feeling of kindness to us in the whole community. In fact, I was so fond of the little fellow, that he never slept out of my bed, except for a short period during each summer, when it was always necessary to rub him with sulphur and train-oil to cure him of the mange, a disease which attacked him annually in an exceedingly aggravated form, causing him to scratch himself dreadfully with his hind-feet. Once, too, he was very ill with the blind staggers, which completely prostrated him, and made his eyes look as green as grass. I cured him by burying him, according to the advice of one of our old negroes, up to the neck, in the vegetable-garden, and giving him milk with the leaves of the May-Apple (*Passiflora Incarnata*) bruised in it until the fluid was completely discolored.

As I was a remarkably manly boy, and full of health and vigor, I early evinced a taste for field sports; in which I was eminently calculated to excel, from my remarkable closeness of observation, having at a very tender age acquired a fund of knowledge with regard to natural objects which would do no discredit to a naturalist of maturer experience. Owing to the carelessness of my elder brother Thomas, I was long debarred from the use of fire-arms. Thomas once actually let his gun off in our front-parlor, while three of my aunts were sitting talking around the centre-table, and shot my great-grandfather (on the mother's side) straight in the mouth with a load of number seven shot, cutting it up so horridly that you could never afterward see the expression, which was a very sweet one. It was a great pity, for the old gentleman had been hanging there ever since the house was built, which was when my aunt Maria was in the arms.

Owing to this accident, my mother got a prejudice against guns, and would not let me have one until I was fifteen years old, and I was obliged to rely chiefly on little Twist for obtaining game. I can tell you, though, I did not want for success in consequence of that. Many and many is the time that I have come home of a Saturday afternoon with a raccoon or an opossum, and two, and on one occasion even three, rabbits, every one of them caught by Twist. There was always a great deal of excitement in catching raccoons with him, on account of the fight, which was sometimes really dreadful; but I think that there was more real sport in catching rabbits. When they got into hollow logs, I generally screwed them out with a forked stick, the prongs being first made very sharp at the points, so as to take well. This, of course, could only be done where the hollow was straight. When they got into a hollow that was crooked, I always smoked them out with a little fire made of green twigs. It was great fun to see the little fellows coming down. First you could hear them sneezing in the tree, then there

would be a scratching sound as they slipped down stern foremost, and then a quick scramble, and a bolt out of the bottom of the hollow, when little Twist would pick them up in the twinkling of an eye. He was an excellent little dog, and was finally drowned in a well.

I had intended to have given an account of most of my dogs, but this notice of Twist has extended so far that I shall have to omit any description of the rest, until some other time. I could write for hours about dogs, for I am remarkably fond of them.

Our Martyrs.

'THE BONES OF THE PATRIOTS OF THE REVOLUTION WHO DIED ON BOARD OF THE BRITISH PRISON-SHIP, LIE IN A RUDE, UNMARKED GRAVE NEAR WALLABOUT BAY.'

BY WILLIAM H. C. HOSMER.

How many years will hurry by,
Like billows that each other chase,
While mouldering bones of martyrs lie
Without a stone to mark the place!
For us a goodly fight they fought,
And shouting, Freedom! nobly fell;
With precious blood an empire bought —
Oh! let us guard their ashes well!

Why base and servile homage pay
To meaner men from lands remote,
And leave to waste, unmarked, away,
Bones of the brave who shared the fray
When first our star-flag was afloat?
One cry of shame should loudly rise
From their old war-fields to the skies;
Until our torpid hearts grow warm,
And Art her proudest column rears,
To tell the world, in other years,
Of men who braved the battle-storm,
And death made welcome, like a bride,
That we might own this region wide,
And Freedom kindle on our shore
A beacon-light for evermore.

Adventurers of ignoble mould
Are welcomed with a shower of gold,
But on Long-Island's rugged strand
Beat, with reproachful roar, the waves,
Sole mourners for a martyred band
Who sleep in unrecorded graves.

New-York, July 5, 1857.

THE LIFE OF A MIDSHIPMAN.

CHAPTER NINETE.

Now Norfolk is the paradise of midshipmen, while Portsmouth, its neighbor across the river, may not inaptly be termed their 'fiddler's green;' for in both these mighty cities gold lace and gilt buttons reign supreme. Talk to a Norfolk or Portsmouth *belle* of a 'lettered sage' or 'merchant prince,' and she will laugh you to scorn; but let a *reefer* approach her, and straightway she is all animation; the rose on her cheek, *expectation* in her eye, and her whole face wreathed in smiles.

One of the most remarkable phenomena connected with this portion of the 'Old Dominion' is, the firm and unalterable belief of its inhabitants that the naval station there established is their sole and exclusive property, in which none but the naval representatives of the F.F.V.s have any right or inheritance. Let the Honorable Secretary of the Navy have the temerity to send a *stranger* among them, and, *caramba!* what a clamor arises, especially if the new-comer be a *Yankee*, when, ten to one, they will get up an indignation meeting to express their deep sense of the injury done to them, and to concert measures for the protection of *their domain* from *further encroachments*. These meetings are usually held at 'Hall's corner,' where, indeed, may be daily seen, about the hour when the sun makes his appearance 'over the fore-yard,' a crowd of *Navies* eagerly discussing *intricate nauticalities*, such as the hauling down of a jib, or the brailing up of a spanker; and whenever one of these worthies is sore pressed in debate, he appeals unto 'Jack Flaunders'—as the Romans, under the empire, appealed to the judgment-seat of Cæsar—whose *ipse dixit* is regarded as *naval law* on both banks of the Elizabeth River. This Jack Flaunders, by the way, is one of the worthiest gentlemen that ever trod shoe-leather. Being present one day at the Norfolk *forum*, I was most unwillingly lugged into an argument with Midshipman White relative to the dimensions of the 'Pennsylvania's main-yard.

"I'll refer it to Captain Flaunders!" cried my opponent at length.

"I don't care for *his* opinion!" I replied somewhat angrily. "I have measured the yard myself."

"Do n't care for the opinion of Jack Flaunders?" retorted White, throwing up his hands in pious horror at my remark. "Why, man, I'd rather have his *pro bono* than that of the great Jackson himself!"

"His *ipse dixit*, I presume you mean, Sir," said I sneeringly.

Now my friend White, although as clever and sensible a fellow as there is in the service, is no Latinist, and he has, moreover, a very praiseworthy aversion to taking the *back track*; so, placing his mouth close to my ear, he thundered into it fiercely: "No, Sir, I do *not* mean his *ipse dixit*. I said his *pro bono*, and, *by the Lord, I stick to it!*"

Thinking it might not be for *my bono* to continue the discussion, I at once and entirely 'caved in.'

An eminent geologist once asserted of the good old State of Virginia

that it possessed within itself more mineral and agricultural resources than any other state or kingdom this side of sun-rise ; and that Norfolk, its great sea-port, was destined, at no distant day, to surpass, in extent and magnificence, all the cities now existing on this terraqueous globe. Looking forward confidently to the fulfilment of this prophecy, the *true Norfolkian* views every thing through the spectacles of his prophet ; and as the inhabitants of ' El Hilla ' expect the egress of their Saviour, Ibn El Hassan, from the mosque of the last Imâm, or as the Moors of Spain await the coming of Boabdil, so lives he in the constant hope and expectation of the advent of that ' good time coming.'

' Jchn,' said I not long since to my *bon ami*, John Riggins, who is a philosopher of this stamp, ' how are you all getting along here ?'

I was standing on one of the wharves of ' Old Norfolk ' as I spoke, having that instant stepped ashore from the Baltimore boat.

' Oh! admirably, Mr. Jenkins!' he exclaimed with enthusiasm. ' Norfolk is really looking up, and, I *think* has taken a start in the right direction. A large three-story house, was built here last summer, and they *talk* of erecting another this spring. And look! you can see for yourself how our commerce is increasing!'

I gazed in the direction indicated by the fore-finger of my friend, and, upon my life, there was within the compass of my vision but one square-rigged merchantman, five schooners, and a wood-sloop, which, with lee-board down, was sluggishly beating up the harbor.

Now when the ' Shenandoah ' anchored off Norfolk I was almost as much of a ' salt ' as little Weasel. I spoke of the First Lieutenant as ' old stick-in-the-mud,' advocated the creation of a retired-list for ' old fogies,' and declared it as my fixed conviction that there was not a seaman in the ship, outside of the steerage ; so of course there was nothing wanting to make me an accomplished midshipman, '*sans peur et sans reproche*,' but that I should fall in love ; which I did most effectually the instant my eyes rested upon the beautiful, the adorable Miss Harmonia Briggs. To say that Harmonia was ' all my fancy painted her,' and that I felt all over ' like a house a-fire,' as I lingered by her side, might fail, perchance, to convey to the minds of my readers an adequate idea of her extreme loveliness, and of the passionate nature of my affection for her. Bear with me, then, while I transcribe (from a copy of the original still in my possession) a single stanza of a poem, in *fifty-six cantos*, which I addressed to the ' loveliest of her sex ' on the day succeeding that of my introduction to her :

' YES, thou art beautiful!—a child of grace
As bright, as blooming, as the dawn of day;
Thy witching smile, the beauty of thy face
Nor tongue can speak, nor limner's art portray.
Jove grant thy life be joyous! Smiling MIRTH,
I prithee shield her from grim-visaged CARE;
And when she sinks into the 'lap of earth,'
May all she loved in life be gathered there:
Jones David guard her from the Furies lean,
And safely bear her on to 'fiddler's green.'

For the rest Harmonia's eyes were gray ; her hair, which she wore in cork-screw ringlets over her neck and shoulders, of a reddish hue ;

her complexion fair ; stature tall, (five feet eight in her stockings,) and her age exactly the double of my own. Combine all these attractions with a rich *soprano*, voice *à la* Grimalkin, and a talent for dancing, and you will readily perceive how great a flame Miss Briggs was calculated to kindle in the glowing breast of a susceptible youth of sixteen.

I first met Harmonia at an evening party. She was in conversation with Lieutenant Hoyle at the time, who — generous son of Neptune that he was ! — not only proffered me an introduction to his fair companion, but actually took his leave of her as he did so, thus resigning her entirely to my protection. After dancing with her thrice, I had the extreme felicity of escorting her home ; and thenceforth I became her devoted slave. A fortnight thereafter, my intimacy with her was such as enabled me to prevail upon her to accompany me to the theatre. Alas ! little did I think, as I sat by her side in one of the front boxes of that tastefully-decorated and brilliantly-illuminated temple of Thespis, that — but no, I will not anticipate. ‘Sufficient for the day is the evil thereof!’

Romeo and Juliet had been performed amid the plaudits of the whole audience ; and now the celebrated *danseuse*, Miss Victorine Perenelli, made her appearance upon the stage. With one bound she reached the foot-lights, where, balancing herself on her left foot, and extending the right one high in air, she attempted the graceful execution of a pirouette ; but, being a little drunk, her treacherous limbs refused their office, and down she came flat on her face. At this critical instant a large piece of India-rubber of grotesque shape, thrown by my *amigo* Hart, struck the prostrate Perenelli full on the shin-bone, and then went bouncing about over the whole theatre. Heavens ! what a scene of confusion ensued ! The friends of the *bayladora*, some thirty in number, among whom were comprised all the bullies and gamblers of the place, at once made a rush for the boxes, loudly swearing that they would expel from the house every *man* in it wearing the uniform of a naval officer, the which threat decidedly placed me in a quandary ; for while on the one hand love and courtesy urged me to see Harmonia to a place of safety, friendship and honor on the other whispered to me that it would be base and cowardly to desert my shipmates in their peril. From this awkward dilemma I was soon, however, relieved by Mr. Job Wilson, an elderly gentleman, with a gold-headed cane and green spectacles, temporarily sojourning at the ‘Exchange Hotel,’ where I had been introduced to him on the previous evening, who seeing my embarrassment, kindly offered to ‘take the lady off my hands,’ as he expressed it. So with a warm pressure of the taper fingers of my *in-amorata*, I intrusted her to his keeping ; and scarce had she departed before the row commenced in earnest.

Our opponents, relying upon their numerical strength, (for they stood toward us ‘Shenandoah’-middies — the only officers present — in the ratio of three to one,) came rushing upon us like a pack of hungry wolves sure of their prey ; but we, strong in courage, and in the address of our leader, Fearless, who chanced to be one of us, manfully stood our ground, and after a mere skirmish, the commander-in-chief of the Perenelli party drew off his forces in confusion.

'I vare sorry, vare sorry for Mademoiselle Perenelli,' now cried a demure Frenchman from the pit; 'but the man what throw the rubbare was perfectly in the right! The American pooblick must not be ansoolt.'

This speech, which was greeted with loud cheers by the mids, so enraged the rowdies that they renewed the assault with redoubled ardor, and a fight ensued of a half-hour's duration, of which all I know is, that throughout the whole of it 'it rained blows upon my head,' (to borrow the language of Sancho Panza,) and that our trusty ally, the Frenchman, cried to us without ceasing: 'Fire into them, brave offisaré! as the Constitusheong fired into the Gerry — aré!' Under such auspices, who could doubt the result? The *rubbare*-army was, of course, again victorious; and after chasing the *anti-rubbare*s out of the theatre, it marched in good order to 'Walter's, and encamped for the night. I was seated in Number Twenty on the first floor, about mid-night, holding a red-hot poker in my hand, which I designed using for the manufacture of a glass of flip, when Hart summoned me to the rescue of Duet, who, straying heedlessly from the garrison, had fallen into the hands of the Philistines. Armed as I was, I rushed into the street, where I found the mathematician completely hemmed in by the enemy, who were bent, as they said, upon giving him a 'licking;' but by scorching the ribs of some, and the *dermieres* of others with my iron, I soon made a hole in the crowd, and carried off my mess-mate in triumph. The affair was a trifling one, I admit, not occupying over five minutes in its planning and execution; but I have thought proper to mention it here, in order that those officers, whose 'temper,' like mine and the great Washington's, 'inclines them to peace and harmony with all men,' may learn from it the exceeding utility of a hot poker — *properly applied* — in quelling a riot or 'plug-muss.'

For the next ten days, in consequence of the battered state of my figure-head, I did not once go ashore to see the fair object of my 'dreams by night, and my reveries by day.' I improved the time, however, by writing a laconic epistle to my aunt, which, with her reply, I here sub-join:

'U. S. Frigate 'Shenandoah,'
'Harbor of Norfolk, December 10th, 1842.

'MY DEAR AUNT: Since dispatching my last, I have fallen desperately in love with the most beautiful girl that ever graced this earth. Her name is HARMONIA BRIGGS; is n't it sweet? so euphonious! I will not attempt to enumerate her various accomplishments. Suffice it to say, that she rivals TERPSICHOE in dancing, and sings like any siren. Her family is one of the very best in the State of Virginia, (this you may rely upon, for I had it from her own dear lips,) and she is said to own an old negro man, a flat-bottomed boat, and a pair of oyster-tongs, which possessions, HART says, are here considered a handsome fortune, owing to the high price of Norfolk oysters in the New-York and Philadelphia markets. Who knows, dear aunty, but that you may some day have the pleasure of receiving the angelic HARMONIA, under the shadow of your roof, as Mrs. JENKINS? Please remember me kindly to all my friends, and believe me

Your affectionate nephew,

JOHN.

'To Miss POLLY JENKINS, Philadelphia.'

'Second-street, Philidelphy, Oct. 15th.

'O my deer, deer nevvly! how cum yew for to rite me sich a lettur! That deer bles-sit man parsun JONES was heer when i red it, and sez he with the teers a trickelin down both his blesst cheeks — O mis POLLY! sez he, rite to that are poor see fairin sheep; rite to him this verry nite; and oh! beeseach and beg on him sez he, never agin

to look at that wikked TURPINSKOR, nor nary anuther dansin woomin wile hes Spared; and as to them sirings, sez he, a grontin inwudly, oh! let him remembur wot DELLY did to SAM SING and nevvur ventur anigh them nor thare habittashun; and then the deer blessit saant sot rite two and praid for yew, JOHNNY, ontill the pusperashun roled off on him in grate sounding mud puddels like. Oh! think of all this my darlin Child and tirm from yur wikkedness and repent! as also the scripturs sez. as to them wirginny gals ive allers heern tel as how thare dretful stuck up and sot in thare wais, and rekwires a Lode of watun apun. and as to that HARMONICUMS i woodnt giv much for her Fortin no how, fur the verry Best of norfick oisters is only 4 dollers a hundred, and thats mornn that old nigger of hern wood catch in a weak, i lay, kors I nevvur seed wun of them Cullerd Creturs yit wot wusnt as lazy as all out dores. and ef HARMONICUMS is as arriskratick as yew say she is, jest to think my Child how sheed tirm up her arriskratick nose wen she heerd about your farther and the dubble bizziness. so yew jes giv her up strate JOHNNY like a good boy, and maybe yewl be a commydor wich i observes yew spel different but ive allers heern it so cald sure enuf one of these dais and then yew can marry wich yew pleas yew no. so good by and exskews all rong spelin as my pen is orful bad. from your luvvin aunt POLLY.

'To my deer nevvu JOHN, aboard the states vessel 'Shinindoer.'

My indignation upon reading my aunt's letter was unbounded. 'Give the beauteous Harmonia up,' soliloquized I, 'no, not for a score of Aunt Pollies; I will rather seek her at once and demand her hand!' And with this determination, Mr. Garboard's permission being obtained, I went ashore at sun-set.

As with palpitating heart and trembling limbs I entered Harmonia's *boudoir*, I found her seated at a window with a rose-colored note in her hand, the contents of which she was eagerly devouring.

'Oh! how glad I am to see you, Mr. Jenkins,' said she, rising up and coming towards me with extended hands. 'Why have you staid away from me so long?'

'Alas! Harmonia,' replied I *lackadaisically*, 'I have been very ill. Nothing, indeed, but sickness or death could have kept me from your side; for believe me, every moment passed away from you now, seems to me an age. Dear, dear Harmonia, will you, *can* you consent to be mine?'

For a moment the blushing girl stood irresolute; the next, and she threw herself sobbing on my breast, faintly sighing: 'Dear Johnny, I am thine.'

How I behaved, or what I said during the remaining two hours that I spent with Harmonia, I know not; but when I went off to the ship in 'the ten o'clock boat,' I was in a perfect delirium of love and happiness; and the next morning I was reported by Lieutenant Bobstay for having said to him on the previous evening, 'while drunk, apparently, 'Dearest Harmonia, I have returned aboard!'' This report, however, though mortifying enough, was light and trifling compared with one which reached me somewhat later in the day. Reader, dear reader, if you have any tears to shed, prepare to give vent to them now. Harmonia, *my* Harmonia, the idol of my heart and 'joy of my liver,' in less than an hour from the time of my leaving her, eloped with the 'elderly gentleman,' who, in the hurry of his flight, actually left behind him his 'gold-headed cane and green spectacles.'

But there are passages in the life of every mortal much too sacred for the public ken; turn we, therefore, to another chapter of my adventurous history.

CHAPTER TENTH.

NEW-YEAR'S DAY arrived, and with it, to the great delight of all on board, our 'sailing orders' for the Mediterranean. On the same day, too, Chaplain Adams, a gentleman from the far West, reported to Captain Blazes for duty, and, as the 'cut of his jib' proclaimed him a *verdant* of the first water, we reefers determined to quiz him a little. For this purpose some half-dozen of us gathered about a corpse which was laid out on the 'half-deck,' and hastily composed the play of the 'frightened parson,' in which our clerical friend was destined to perform the principal part. In accordance therewith, we uncovered the face of the deceased, (who had been shot through the head in a drunken row ashore,) and as soon as our victim issued from the cabin, after making his report, Hart said, with a most mournful expression of countenance: 'I am truly sorry, fellows, that poor Brown was shot, but discipline must be preserved, you know, and ——'

'Shot!' interrupted the chaplain, swallowing the bait like a gudgeon; 'you surely do n't mean to say that the wretched man was shot!'

'Yes, but I do though,' answered Hart, with the utmost gravity, 'and very properly, too, as you will acknowledge, I think, when I tell you his story.'

'This unfortunate sinner was our chaplain, and, during the early part of our cruise, a great favorite with us all; for he gave us short prayers and still shorter sermons. But about two months ago, he took to reading some pernicious books, written by certain fanatical clergymen, residing in or about Boston, which completely turned his head; and every Sunday thereafter, instead of expounding the Scriptures to us in an old-fashioned, sensible way, as had been his wont, he preached to us strange doctrines about the rights of individuals, of corporations, and of States; and on one occasion he avowed himself an out-and-out abolitionist, and roundly swore that no slave-holder could enter the kingdom of heaven! But what struck me as the most singular part of his teaching was, the fact that while he spoke warmly of the duty of defending the rights of the abolitionists, he seemed to forget that the opposite party had any whatever.'

'As he was *theodoring* on in this strain, fairly out-heroding Herod, Sunday before last, Captain Blazes found it necessary to cut short his sermon, and order him below. Well, Sir, instead of promptly obeying his captain, the infatuated cleric went on with his ranting, like one possessed; and turning to the ship's company, he exclaimed: 'I am no respecter of persons; I care not for the Constitution, I trample under foot the regulations of the Navy, and set the authority of your commander at defiance; and all this I do in virtue of a dogma entitled the 'Higher Law.''

'Now, what effect did this speech have upon the men, do you suppose? Did it inflame them? Not in the least; for seamen, although illiterate, are, for the most part, a clear-headed race, having very just ideas of right and wrong; and so, in their homely way, they expressed their sense of the impropriety of *their pastor's* course, in a manner highly edifying to me, and creditable alike to themselves and the country whose flag they were serving under.'

‘My eyes!’ said one, ‘to hear that blasted parson abuse the old Constitution, as our ancisters set so much store by, and which and the States frigate, as every one knows on, is the two finest sea-boats what floats! I tell you, shipmates, ’t was as much as I could do to keep from running afoul of his hawse!’

‘Yes,’ exclaimed another, ‘and he a talkin’ so glib, too, about his respects for a *higher* law when he do n’t even know how to obey our captain, as is as fine a man as ever broke a biscuit. He a miserable lubber, too, what do n’t know how to splice a rope, or what a Banian day is! He’d be a nice hand to take the helm; now would n’t he?’

‘Well he would *that*!’ chimed in a third.

‘I wonder the captain don’t run him up to the fore yard-arm!’ squeaked a messenger-boy.

‘Avast there, my lad, not so fast!’ cried old Peterson. ‘Not without a court-martial, you know! The dearest right of an American is that which secures to him a trial by impartial judges when accused of crime, and the privilege of confronting his accusers, and of being heard in his own defence.’

‘You’re pointed all fair there, George!’ assented the captain of the after-guard, with a knowing look; ‘you’ll find that ere laid down on Captain Wagner’s chart, with the bearings and distances all marked out. I knows all about it you see, kase I once heerd a lawyer say so in open court.’

‘That preacher’s been tried already, and found wanting!’ retorted the boy. But this remark not finding favor with any, he slunk away abashed.

‘Just then Sandy Scott came within hail: ‘De Lor have massy upon us!’ said he; ‘jes to heern dat passin talk about de slaves! jes as ef ebbery one did n’t know dat dem common niggers is only good to hoe de corn and fry de hoe-cake. De next ting, I ’spect he ’ll say he knows more about cookin’ dan dis chile does, and demand de keys ob de coppers! I hopes dey ’ll hang him, I does, sartin sure!’

‘But to return to our *mutton*, Chaplain Brown was arrested, tried, and mercifully sentenced to be shot, in order that he might be more immediately within the influence of that higher law of which he raved so much. This sentence being approved of by the President, was yesterday carried into execution, and here the poor fellow now lies, a victim to the Pharisaical cant of designing men! I understand that the vacancy occasioned by his death has already been filled, and that we may shortly expect his successor on board.’

‘Why, Lord help me, stranger!’ ejaculated Mr. Adams, ‘I am the very man you are looking for!’

‘Then may the Lord help you, indeed!’ rejoined Hart solemnly, ‘for I heard Captain Blazes say this very morning, that for the future he’d be *particular death on all chaplains*!’

Parson Adams waited to hear no more — on deck, over the gangway, and into a shore-boat he went; and the instant he reached *terra firma*, he ran at the top of his speed to his lodgings, where he commenced making preparations for an immediate and hasty flight westward. It fortunately happened, however, that Hoyle, to whom he brought letters

of introduction, called upon him before he had finished packing, and discovering from his excited manner, and a few words that he incautiously let drop, 'how the land lay,' he lost no time in assuring him that he had been hoaxed; and, after thus allaying his fears, he easily persuaded him to return to the vessel. As I shall not again have occasion to mention the reverend gentleman's name throughout the whole course of this narrative, it may not be amiss to state here that he attached himself very warmly to Hoyle, and, in return for his kindness, labored most assiduously to convert him from the error of his ways; and for a time he flattered himself that he had succeeded in so doing. On one unlucky day, however, after Adams had delivered himself in the ward-room of a lecture on the evils of intemperance, Hoyle, whose clay was pretty well moistened, hiccuped out: 'Oh! go to grass with your fish stories, brother Adams! Who the 'ell do you suppose wants to be an angel a sittin' on a wet cloud all day a singin' psalms?'

Whereupon the parson, giving up his *catechumen* as lost beyond redemption, retreated in hot haste to his state-room, whence he was never afterward known to emerge, save thrice a day to his meals, 'in dispatching which,' says his biographer, 'he considered it his bounden duty to exert himself to the utmost of his ability.'

R E M E M B E R E D P E R F U M E .

It came upon my senses, a long-forgotten spell,
And stirred up thoughts shrouded deeply, in Memory's inmost cell;
It brought before my vision a lovely youthful face,
It minded me, how sadly! of that last long embrace.

I stood within the chamber where my heart's idol lay,
The weary hours yet counting, and wishing oft for day;
I smoothed those nut-brown tresses, I kissed that fading cheek,
And o'er the sufferer bending, still smiled when I would weep.

I laid upon her pillow the rare exotic flower,
As she lay softly sleeping in the still evening hour:
Again I saw her smiling, a smile as from the soul,
As through the veil of slumber the strange, rich perfume stole.

Too soon my dream hath faded: I know that she is gone;
I breathe delicious fragrance, I breathe it but to mourn
For all the sadder memories that cling around those hours,
A magic touch awakened at sight of these bright flowers.

But Hope hath cast a rainbow athwart my falling tears,
Faith in a life eternal my drooping spirit cheers,
And whispereth of meeting where deathless flowrets bloom,
The lost, the wept arisen, now sleeping in the tomb.

My spirit springs exulting from chains which Memory weaves,
And o'er its buried treasure no longer sadly grieves:
I see my loved one dwelling with CHRIST beyond the sky,
My wings to mount she bringeth — the hour is surely nigh.

IRENE.

A MONTH WITH THE BLUE NOSES.

BY FREDERIC S. COZZENS.

Grand Pré and the Basin of Minas — The Neutral French — Basil, the Blacksmith — The Connecticut Colony of 1760 — Gertrude and Evangeline — The Dykes — Fishing and Agriculture — The Lamp of History — Winslow's Invasion — The Captivity commences — Father Le Blanc — A Few Parting Words of Advice and Conclusion.

GRAND PRÉ lies at our feet! Yonder the green prairies roll away until they melt in the indistinct blue of the range of cliffs that end abruptly at Cape Blomidon. Still beyond, the waters of the Basin of Minas stretch to the north, until the horizon-line between wave and sky is undistinguishable. It seems impossible that any one could look upon this valley without feelings of tenderness and admiration. Incredible that tyranny's self could gaze with hard and pitiless eyes upon such a scene, and invade with fire and rapine the peace and serenity of a land so fair.

Once happy Acadia nestled in the bosom of this amphitheatre, secure alike from

'Fear, that reigns with the tyrant, and envy, the vice of republics.'

Seven thousand souls were gathered behind those dykes a century ago, of whom tradition and history preserve no record of shame or crime. And here let me quote from a book which deserves honorable mention as the first to espouse the cause of this unfortunate people, and to exhibit their virtues and their sufferings in a true light: a book which undoubtedly inspired the author of the finest pastoral of modern times to write of 'the Acadian land on the shores of the Basin of Minas'; a book written by a countrywoman, and worthy of a place wherever truth, and patriotism, and honest abhorrence of tyranny and oppression can find a niche. Need I say to the historian and scholar that I allude to 'THE NEUTRAL FRENCH,' by Mrs. Kate Williams, of Providence, Rhode-Island? Speaking of the domestic life of the Acadians, in 1755, she says:

'THEIR manner of life had gradually changed in one respect, and that an improvement, as far as its domestic character was concerned, for they gradually gave up hunting and fishing, and addicted themselves to the pursuits of agriculture altogether. The immense meadows they had rescued from the sea, so repeatedly, and with such industry, were covered with flocks of sheep or herds of cattle. 'They possessed sixty thousand head of horned cattle, and most families had several horses, although the tillage was carried on by oxen.' Their habitations were as substantial and convenient as most farm-houses in Europe. Each farmer raised his own grain, and a variety of vegetables, and they manufactured their own clothing from wool and flax, which they raised in abundance. They abounded in fine orchards, and their usual drink was beer and cider. If any of them coveted articles of luxury, they procured them from Annapolis or Louisbourg, and in exchange gave them corn, cattle, or furs. They likewise reared a vast deal of poultry.

'Of the morals of these people, contemporaneous history speaks volumes in one sentence, namely, *'an illegitimate child was unknown in their settlements.'* What a comment! One great reason of this probably was, 'their young people were encouraged to marry early; and in all their settlements, whenever there was a marriage, the company got together and built them a house and furnished them with a year's provision, and the females always brought their portions in flocks.' Fifty years of comparative quiet had done wonders for this people. Their chapels had been rebuilt and improved, and new ones erected; and although their priests were subjected to the most vexatious restraints in travelling from place to place, they contrived to keep these people united in one bond of love. The pastors were not only their priests, but lawyers, judges, school-masters, and physicians: and all the remuneration they received was a twenty-seventh part of their income, voluntarily set off to them by the people.

'That such a state of simplicity and social happiness could exist in this jarring world, may well be a matter of wonder in these days, when luxury and extravagance have almost banished simplicity from the earth. The truth, however, is too well established by contemporary historians to be doubted; and, moreover, of those of this people who survive in their descendants, and may yet be found in scattered portions in the country, the character of piety, benevolence, integrity, simplicity, and honesty, is still kept up.'

As we rest here upon the summit of the Gasperau mountain, and look down on yonder valley, we can readily imagine such a people. A pastoral people, rich in meadow-lands, secured by laborious dykes, and secluded from the noisy outside world. But we miss the thatch-roof cottages, by hundreds, which should be the prominent feature in the picture, the vast herds of cattle, the belfrys of scattered village chapels, the murmur of evening fields,

'WHERE peace was tinkling in the shepherd's bell,
And singing with the reapers.'

These no longer exist:

'Naught but tradition remains of the beautiful village of Grand-Pré.'

I sank back in the stage as it rolled down the mountain-road, and fairly covered my eyes with my hands, as I repeated Webster's boast: 'Thank God! I too am an American.' 'But,' said I, recovering, 'thank God, I belong to a State that has never bragged much of its great moral antecedents!' and in that reflection I felt comforted, and the load on my back a little lightened.

A few weeping willows, the never-failing relics of an Acadian settlement, yet remain on the road-side; these, with the dykes and Great Prairie itself, are the only memorials of a once happy people. The sun was just sinking behind the Gasperau mountain as we entered the ancient village. There was a smithy beside the stage-house, and we could see the dusky glow of the forge within; and the swart mechanic

'TAKE in his leathern lap the hoof of the horse as a plaything,
Nailing the shoe in its place;'

But it was not Basil the blacksmith, nor one of his descendants, that held the horse-hoof. The face of the smith was of the genuine New-England type, and just such faces I saw everywhere in the village. I have had occasion to speak of the various settlements of the Province, of its divers peoples, quilted in in patches, without cohesion or union in any degree. And in the shifting panorama of the itinerary I suddenly found myself in a hundred-year-old colony of genuine Yankees, the real true blues of Connecticut, quilted in amidst the cerulean noses of Nova-Scotia.

In 1760, five years after the last visit of Massachusetts to Acadia, two hundred emigrants from Connecticut, in a small fleet of twenty-two coasting-vessels, sailed up the Bay of Fundy, and took possession of these rich meadow-lands. On their arrival, they found 'sixty ox-carts, and as many yokes, which the unfortunate French had used in conveying their baggage to the vessels that carried them away from their country; and at the skirts of the forest heaps of the bones of sheep and horned cattle that, deserted by their owners, had perished in winter for want of food.'

They likewise met with a few families of Acadians, 'who had escaped from the scrutinizing search of the soldiers at the removal of their countrymen, and who, afraid of sharing the same fate, had not ventured to till the land, nor appear in the open country. *They had eaten no bread for five years*, and had subsisted on vegetables, fish, and the more hardy part of the cattle that had survived.'

But of the poor Acadians not one remains now in the ancient village of Grand Pré. It is a solemn comment upon their peaceful and unvengeful natures, that two hundred settlers from New-England remained unmolested upon their lands, and that the descendants of those New-England settlers now occupy them. A solemn comment upon one *spot* in our history, and the touching epitaph of an exterminated race.

Much as we may admire the various bays and lakes, the inlets, promontories, and straits, the mountains and woodlands of this rarely-visited corner of creation — and, compared with it, we can boast of no coast-scenery so beautiful — the valley of Grand Pré transcends all the rest in the Province. Only our valley of Wyoming, as an inland picture, may match it, both in beauty and tradition. One has had its Gertrude, the other its Evangeline. But Campbell never saw Wyoming, nor has Longfellow yet visited the shores of the Basin of Minas. And I may venture to say, neither poet has touched the key-note of divine anger, which either story might have awakened.

But let us be thankful for those simple and beautiful idyls. After all, it is a question whether the greatest and noblest impulses of man are not awakened rather by the sympathy we feel for the oppressed than by the hatred engendered by the acts of the oppressor?

I wish I could shake off these useless reflections of a by-gone period. O the by-gones! the by-gones! But who can help it? Here am I in the Acadian land:

'This is the forest primal; but where are the hearts that beneath it
Leaped like the roe when it hears in the woodland the voice of the huntsman?
Where is the thatched-roof village, the home of Acadian farmers —
Men whose lives glided on like rivers that water the woodlands?
Waste are those pleasant farms, and the farmers forever departed!'

I slept over it, and awoke early for a long walk on the following morning. The eastern sun glittered on roof and window-pane, rising, tier upon tier, against the hill-side, surrounded with pleasant gardens. In front of these, the green prairies, flat as a floor, stretch out to meet the broad waters of Minas. Skirting the outer edge of these dyke-lands,

here and there, farm-houses loom up in the distance through the warm haze of a summer morning.

To the left, the dykes, holding apart and untarnished from the salt waves the incomparable rich meadows, curve against the mountain-walls, until the land ends abruptly at the precipitous promontory of Blomidon, which the people here call 'Blow-me-down!'

But how familiar that range of cliffs appeared! They were our own Palisades of the Hudson! The same eternal masses of gray rock, towering above a base of green foliage, but bare, disrobed, and regal to the summit.

Then to the right again the visitor follows the green prairies to the hazy coast-line, then melting off in wave and vapor; and behind this again, the Gasperau mountain rises to protect the valley with its corresponding barriers of rock and forest.

In the lap of this happy valley, which had been converted by generations of toil, from desolate and bitter marshes to peace and plenty, once nestled the Acadian village. It seems a land peculiarly fitted for such a people. Serene, and sheltered from the world, its very aspect suggests content; its exquisite beauty inspires labor and patience; and its seclusion, shutting out pride and greed, awakens those holier emotions which spring forth spontaneously when the heart, at rest and at liberty, reflects only the image of the CREATOR.

Let us look at the last relics of a departed race; those vast dykes they reared, within whose boundaries lie the fertile meadows, giving the village its name.*

The prairies are about three miles wide, here and there intersected by roads raised a little above the level of the grass. Extending east and west twenty miles or more, the dykes follow the bay shore, and run up inland on both banks of the rivers that empty in the basin. Of these there are five: the Gasperau, the Cornwallis, the Canard, the Habitant, and the Perot. We have surely never seen rivers like these! When the tide is up, the water is full to the banks, and we may safely call them '*rivers*.' But when the tide is out, the '*Punjaub*' of the valley is but a series of deep, muddy ravines, with rivulets at the bottom, a man could bridge with his ten fingers. For we must remember the rise and fall of the tide here is fifty, sixty, and even seventy feet, twice a day! At noon, perhaps, the great waters of the Basin roll in in one broad, unretreating surge, until they fill the streams, and dash against the protecting barriers of the dykelands, but before sunset you see the rivers emptied, and the bare beach yawning, wide as the prairies themselves: a vast desert of sand, so wide that neither men nor animals would be visible to each other from high and low tide-points.

Sometimes an American schooner, for a cargo of potatoes, or hay, or oats, ventures upon Minas, and secure in its distance from the shore, drops anchor in seven or eight fathoms water. Then, suddenly, the ebb comes, and growling around the intruder, leaves his two-master keeled over on the sand, with its useless cable and anchor exposed, like a commentary, 'to point a moral and adorn a tale.'

* Grand Pré, or Great Prairie.

Sometimes a pleasure-party will take boat for a row upon the placid bosom of the bay ; but wo to them if they do not consult the almanac ! A mistake of too late, or too early, will leave them upon the beach, miles from dry land ; and as the tide comes in with '*a bore*,' a sudden influx, tide above tide — sometimes several feet in height — the risk of encountering the watery avalanche, either by staying with the boat, or on the walk to the distant shore, is equally dangerous, and sometimes fatal. Thus, then, the lines,

'Four days now are passed since the English ships at their anchors
Ride in the Gasperau's mouth with their cannon pointed against us,'

must be accepted with several miles of poetic license.

I believe, in spite of the manifest absurdities of this supercilious age, in which all arts and sciences are tinctured with the crack-brain theories of Kant, (you may spell it with a 'C,' or with a 'K,' as you please,) by which all things are elevated beyond the scope of common-sense and experience, in which the Doctors Sangrado flourish, and the schools of transcendental poetry and pre-Raphaelite art are the highest standards of intellect, and the philosophy of Cousin and the morality of George Sand are conspicuous types of reason and virtue ; and before which pulpit mountebanks, emulate each other in displaying their clerical spangles, and tumbles upon their respective theological tight-ropes, to win applause in edifices heretofore deemed sacred ; I say, that in spite of this supercilious age of science and art, there are a chosen few who can yet enjoy the grand and the simple, and be content amid the beauties of creation, apart from the strife of opulence and the 'jargon of the schools.'

To such, this quiet valley would possess a charm of seclusion rarely to be found elsewhere. It is but a three days' journey from the city, and here you may 'shake the dust off your sandals, and shut out the restless world.'

I passed two days in this retreat, sometimes riding across to the dykes, sometimes wandering over the hills to the upper waters of the river. The Gasperau in particular is an attractive little mountain-sylph, as it comes skipping down the rocks, breaking here into a broad cascade, or rippling and singing in the heart of the grand old forest. I think my friend Kensett might set his pallet here, and pitch his tent by Minas and the Gasperau, for a month, to advantage.

A word to fishermen ! Trout here are *plentiful* ! And it is a curious fact, that in all the Province I did not taste one of these fish, nor, indeed, see any, except in the Halifax market. The truth is, the sportsmen who have had a touch of salmon-fishing, consider a trout, of *any* size, not worth throwing a fly to ; and as for those who make fishing a business, a fresh-water brook is a trifling object compared to their vast treasury, the ocean. So as all the trout fall to the Mic-Macs, the streams are as full of them now, as they were before the discovery of the country.

And what a fertile spot this is ! The average crop of potatoes here is two hundred bushels to the acre ; beside, they raise grain — wheat, oats, or barley — in great profusion. On the dykelands they ordinarily cut two

tons of hay to the acre, and in abundant seasons, three, and even four ; and this from prairie lands that are never touched by seed or plough-share. Except the village on one side and the scattered farm-houses on the other, the Grand Prairie is one unbroken expanse of green ; knee-deep in grass, and wild with unmolested haunts of feathered game. In riding over the dykelands, a young friend, who was my companion, captured with his hands a whole brood of half-fledged, black ducks, close beside the white causeway, over which we were travelling.

Again the sun sinks behind the Gasperau Mountain : let me once more, and for the last time, trim the historic lamp.

It must be remembered that the tranquillity of entire subjugation followed the last invasion of the New-England fillibusters. For nearly half a century the country had been wrapped in profound peace, and although the Acadians had refused to take the oath, which compelled them to bear arms against their countrymen, yet, as they had already accepted that tendered them by Governor Phipps, and had in no instance, as a people, violated their neutrality, they could neither be treated as rebels nor as enemies. But, 'the peculiar situation of the Acadians,' says the chronicler, '*embarrassed* the local government of the Province, which, for a long time, was wholly at a loss to know what course to adopt toward them.' 'At last it *was determined to remove and disperse this whole people among the British Colonies* ; where they could not unite in any offensive measures, and where they might be naturalized to the government and country.' To carry out this edict, Colonel Winslow, with five transports and a sufficient force of New-England troops, was dispatched upon the cruel errand. Arrived upon the ground, 'At a consultation, held between Colonel Winslow and Captain Murray, it was agreed that a proclamation should be issued at the different settlements, requiring the attendance of the people at the respective posts on the same day ; which proclamation should be so ambiguous in its nature, that the object for which they were to assemble could not be discerned ; and so peremptory in its terms, as to insure implicit obedience. This instrument having been drafted and approved, was distributed according to the original plan. That which was addressed to the people inhabiting the country now comprised within the limits of King's County, was as follows :

'To the inhabitants of the District of Grand Pré, Minas, River Canard, etc. ; as well ancient, as young men and lads :

'Whereas, his Excellency the Governor has instructed us of his late resolution, respecting the matter proposed to the inhabitants, and has ordered us to communicate the same in person, his Excellency, being desirous that each of them should be fully satisfied of his Majesty's intentions, which he has also ordered us to communicate to you, such as they have been given to him : We therefore order and strictly enjoin, by these presents, all of the inhabitants, as well of the above-named District, as of all the other Districts, both old men and young men, as well as all the lads of ten years of age, to attend at the church at Grand Pré, on Friday, the fifth instant, at three of the clock in the afternoon, that we may impart to them what we are ordered to communicate to them ; declaring that no excuse will be admitted on any

pretence whatever, on pain of forfeiting goods and chattels, in default of real estate. — Given at Grand Pré, second September, 1755, and twenty-ninth year of his Majesty's reign.

JOHN WINSLOW.'

'In obedience to this summons, four hundred and eighteen able-bodied men assembled. These being shut into the church, (for that too had become an arsenal,) Colonel Winslow placed himself, with his officers, in the centre, and addressed them thus :

'GENTLEMEN : I have received from his Excellency Governor Lawrence, the King's commission, which I have in my hand ; and by his orders you are convened together to manifest to you his Majesty's final resolution to the French inhabitants of this his Province of Nova-Scotia ; who, for almost half a century, have had more indulgence granted them than any of his subjects in any part of his dominions ; what use you have made of it you yourselves best know. The part of duty I am now upon, though necessary, is very disagreeable to my natural make and temper, as I know it must be grievous to you, who are of the same species ; but it is not my business to animadvert, but to obey such orders as I receive, and therefore, without hesitation, shall deliver you his Majesty's orders and instructions, namely, that your lands and tenements, cattle of all kinds and live stock of all sorts, are forfeited to the Crown ; with all other your effects, saving your money and household goods, and you yourselves to be removed from this his Province.

'Thus it is peremptorily his Majesty's orders, that the whole French inhabitants of these Districts be removed ; and I am, through his Majesty's goodness, directed to allow you liberty to carry off your money and household goods, as many as you can without discommoding the vessels you go in. I shall do every thing in my power that all those goods be secured to you, and that you are not molested in carrying them off ; also, that whole families shall go in the same vessel, and make this remove, which I am sensible must give you a great deal of trouble, as easy as his Majesty's service will admit ; and hope that, in whatever part of the world you may fall, you may be faithful subjects, a peaceable and happy people. I must also inform you, that it is his Majesty's pleasure that you remain in security under the inspection and direction of the troops that I have the honor to command.' And he then declared them the King's prisoners. The whole number of persons collected at Grand Pré finally amounted to four hundred and eighty-three men, and three hundred and thirty-seven women, heads of families ; and their sons and daughters, to five hundred and twenty-seven of the former, and five hundred and seventy-six of the latter ; making in the whole one thousand nine hundred and twenty-three souls. Their stock consisted of one thousand two hundred and sixty-nine oxen, one thousand five hundred and fifty-seven cows, five thousand and seven young cattle, four hundred and ninety-three horses, eight thousand six hundred and ninety-sheep, and four thousand one hundred and ninety-seven hogs. As some of these wretched inhabitants escaped to the woods, all possible measures were adopted to force them back to captivity. The country was laid waste to prevent their subsistence. In the District of Minas alone, there were destroyed two hundred and fifty-five houses, two hundred and seventy-six barns, one hundred and fifty-five out-houses,

eleven mills, and one church ; and the friends of those who refused to surrender, were threatened as the victims of their obstinacy.'

The poor people, unconscious of any crime, and full of concern for having incurred his Majesty's displeasure, petitioned Colonel Winslow for leave to visit their families, and entreated him to detain a part only of the prisoners as hostages ; urging with tears and prayers their intention to fulfil their promise of returning after taking leave of their kindred and consoling them in their distresses and misfortunes. The answer of Colonel Winslow to this petition was to grant leave of absence for twenty only, for a single day. Even this sentence they bore with fortitude and resignation, but when the hour of embarkation arrived, says the chronicler, 'in which they were to part with their friends and relatives, without a hope of ever seeing them again, and to be dispersed among strangers, whose language, customs, and religion, were opposed to their own, the weakness of human nature prevailed, and they were overpowered with the sense of their miseries.' Then came the cruellest part of this arch deed of cruelty. The young men were first ordered to go on board one of the vessels. 'This they instantly and peremptorily refused to do, declaring that they would not leave their parents ; but expressed a willingness to comply with the order, provided they were permitted to embark with their families. This request was immediately rejected, and the troops were ordered to fix bayonets and advance toward the prisoners, a motion which had the effect of producing obedience on the part of the young men, who forthwith commenced their march. The road from the chapel to the shore, just one mile in length, was crowded with women and children ; who, on their knees, greeted them as they passed with their tears and their blessings ; while the prisoners advanced with slow and reluctant steps, weeping, praying, and singing hymns. This detachment was followed by the seniors, who passed through the same scene of sorrow and distress. In this manner was the whole male part of the population of the District of Minas put on board the five transports, stationed in the river Gaspereau ; each vessel being guarded by six non-commissioned officers, and eighty privates. As soon as the other vessels arrived, their wives and children followed, and the whole were transported from Nova-Scotia.'

Once out of the Basin of Minas, the vessels separated ; one carried its prisoners to Boston, another to Norfolk ; some were landed in Pennsylvania, others in New-York. Wife and husband, parent and children, sisters and brothers, old and young, parted, never to be reunited.

Poor old blind father Le Blanc is put ashore at New-York, with only his wife and his two youngest children ; the rest of his family, consisting of twenty children and about one hundred and fifty grand-children, are scattered in different colonies. He finds three more of his children in Philadelphia, and dies there. As for the rest, they never see nor hear of each other.

Once the inroad determined, the cruel invasion begun, the work is fully carried out. The vessels of the New-England Colonies are put in requisition, until the entire population of Acadia is carried into captivity. Parties of soldiers are sent up in the country to arrest the fugitives from the settlements. Some surrender, many perish by hunger and exposure.

A few escape to Canada, or accept the protection of the friendly Indians. The houses and farms are swept away in one common conflagration, and the cattle, 'assembled around the smouldering ruins, wait as if in anxious expectation of their masters; while the faithful watch-dogs howl all night long over the scene of desolation, and mourn alike the band that had fed and the house that had sheltered them.'

But, gentle reader, as we sit in this little inn-room at Grand Pré, and see the ragged edge of the moon in her last quarter, shimmering over the prairie lands of Acadia, we feel there is not a trace of the smoke left that soiled her garments a hundred years ago. And as we cannot replace the rightful owner of the soil upon his lands, for I cannot help thinking now of the old Acadian of Chezzetcook, who said, '*We very poor peep' here*'—as we cannot replace the rightful owner upon the grounds his forefathers colonized, and the dykes his forefathers erected; yet, in the name of truth and justice, let us forbear to blow our trumpets so loudly about Plymouth Rock and Puritanism, and all that stuff!

Let us take a fresh start in history, and brag of nothing that antedates Concord, and Lexington, and Bunker Hill. Every body has a hand to applaud those achievements. But as for the age that preceded those epochs, the least said about it the better. There was neither deed nor man in a century and a half of our history on the earlier side of the monument at Charlestown, that is not common-place—or worse.

There now, I have written my wrote, and shall go to bed? To-morrow I shall pass yonder distant cape of Blow-me-down, I trust, and end a month with the Blue Noses as I touch foot on native land.

F A R M E R S T U B B I N S .

By his broad hearth-stone, one summer
night,
Sat pious farmer STUBBINS;
The flames shot up in eddies bright,
Climbing up to such a height
That all the room was robbed in light,
Including Mr. STUBBINS;
While whittling a stick at his father's right,
Sat the eldest son of STUBBINS.

Spreading the old deal-table out,
Was the 'better half' of STUBBINS;
The steam gushed hot from the kettle's
snout,
And merrily joggled the lid about
To a lively tune, which it hummed without
The ken of Mrs. STUBBINS;
But had she known the air, no doubt
'T would have shocked the good dame
STUBBINS.

Chicago, (Ill.) 1857.

A hearty meal, that close of day,
Ate pious farmer STUBBINS;
And when the things were cleared away,
The STUBBINSSES kneeled them down to
pray;
Old man, old dame, and NED, and MAY—
Lord bless the name of STUBBINS!
And yet the gossips all did say,
A sinner was 'old STUBBINS.'

'My family from every harm
Lord, keep,' prayed pious STUBBINS:
'And let the corn upon my farm
Yield ears as long as Thy servant's arm;
Yea, Lord, as long as my 'Betser's
arm,
And none of your little nubbins!'
And sure religion hath a charm
For many such as STUBBINS.

BILL GUBBINS.

A N A U T U M N A L L E A F .

BY THE PEASANT BARD.

SOUNDS the wakeful rooster's warning:

'T is a damp and foggy morning,
Thick and gray;
Sure the shades of night are fled,
But there 's something else instead
Of the day.

'T is the night, painted white,
And the eye is unavailing
In the vapor all assailing
With its shroud;
We are gloomed, gloomed, gloomed!
All the landscape is entombed
In a cloud.

'T is the time when woods are sighing,
And the leaves they are dying,
And are dead;
See the ashes, tall and slim,
Standing by the water's brim,
Where they fed;
How they shed all their dead
Summer plumes that hid the nest,
Where the birdie took its rest
'Mid the leaves!
Down dripping, dripping, dripping,
Like the rain softly slipping
From the eaves.

There 's a sort of muffled drumming,
For the distant mill is humming,
Grinding grist;
And the Fisher-king is winging,
And his clacking rattle springing
In the mist;
And I hear, seeming near,
As it were, the distant greeting,
Of two early-goers meeting,
Strangely loud;
And, clipper, clipper, clipper!
How the wings of that 'dipper'
Cut the cloud!

But the sun at last is wading,
Through the vapor overshadowing —
There he shines!
And the curtain, upward stealing,
Slow the landscape is revealing,
'To the Nines.'

Stooks of grain on the plain
Look like wigwams on the prairie,
Some encampment of the fairy
Brothers red;
And with tittle, tattle, tattle,
Waters sparkle as they prattle
O'er their bed.

But the eye of day is dimmer
 Than in summer; has a glimmer
 Palely bright;
 PHŒBUS wearies of his toil,
 Or is getting short of oil

 For his light.

But the flowers still are ours:
 There's a honeysuckle twining,
 And the golden rod is shining,
 Bright to view;
 And, oh! bonnie, bonnie, bonnie!
 There's the fringy little honey,
 Gentian blue!

And the days are shorter growing:
 Down the occidental going,
 Sinks the sun;
 And the stars that night adorn,
 Clip the twilight, and are born,
 All as one.

O my soul! so they roll —
 Roll the days, the months, the years!
 Full of gladness, full of tears
 Are our eyes;
 Till, solemn, solemn, solemn,
 Foots the sum-total column:
 HERE HE LIES!

Gill, (Mass.) Sep. 27, 1857.

THE MAN WHO THOUGHT HIMSELF A WOMAN.

JAPHET COLBONES was a very odd individual. All his ancestors were odd individuals, as far back as they can be remembered. His great-grand-father, at the age of seventy-one, built a hut in a patch of thick woods, leaving a handsome and comfortable home, a wife, children, and grand-children, to live alone by himself. He even forbade the visits of his family, though a favorite daughter ventured sometimes to present herself on the forbidden premises, till one day he brought out his gun and threatened to shoot her if she came again. At long intervals he would return to his old home, but he required to be received in all respects as a stranger. Dire was his wrath if any one called him 'father;' and the little tow-headed urchins on the premises were taught, with their catechism, not to notice the old man whenever they should see him, nor, on peril of their lives, to call him by the endearing cognomen of grand-daddy.

Nobody could account for this freak taken in his old age. His forest residence was uncouth, irregular — lighted by an unsheltered opening, filled with logs and coarse contrivances for furniture. There, in his rude fire-place he cooked the game that he killed, with his own hands. Whenever he was out of necessary food he supplied himself from his

well-filled larder at home, the servants or the daughters knowing what provision he wanted by the particular basket or utensil he carried.

It was useless for the old wife, poor thing ! to follow him mutely, the longing in her heart to comfort and to live with him, plainly written on her face. He deigned to take no notice of her whatever, except to frown if he met her eye ; and thus he lived till he died.

The son, grand-father to Japhet, was not a whit behind his father in his oddities. He caused a coat to be made wherein were introduced seven different colors, and would not kill or allow to be killed on his premises, any thing that had life. Consequently his family were Grahamites against their will. Cats and dogs swarmed in all directions, and it took nearly every thing that was raised to keep his constantly-multiplying herds. None who lived in Rattle-Snake Village can have forgotten the extraordinary sensation caused by his death, nor with what gusto scores of useless animals were sacrificed to the manes of the departed oddity.

Number three, father of Japhet, was in his way an original and an eccentric. His tastes travelled bookward. Not an auction took place in the neighboring city that he did not attend, and purchase every leather-covered and worm-eaten volume that could be found, oftentimes paying the most ridiculous prices, extorted by those who took advantage of his weakness. He is living now, a pale, loose-jointed man, a little weak in the knees, with an abundant shock of iron-gray locks ; large, flatulent-looking blue-white eyes, a prominent nose, and a peaked chin. In his house books abounded. Not a closet, chest, trunk, drawer, or shelf but was filled with flapping leaves. The children kicked and tore them about the premises, for the old man seemed to set no store by them after he had made them his own by way of purchase. All the sentimental maids and youths came to 'Squire Colbones for mental aliment, and I am not sure that the collection was the choicest in the world. Many of them were never returned ; and as Mrs. Colbones said, when the 'Squire grumbled, she was sure it was a mercy, for they eat, and drank, and slept on books now ; and if they were all returned they'd have to build additions every year for the sake of getting a room to themselves.

All the male members of the Colbones family, were, as it is generally expressed, 'lacking somewhere.' The women were generally good, harmless creatures, with few idiosyncrasies, and feeble mental constitutions, willing to put up with the queer freaks of the masculines, and always ready with a defence or an excuse when they were particularly disagreeable. They did hope, however, the four maiden aunts belonging to the last generation but one, that Japhet, the most promising scion of the family and the only son of his father, (seven daughters preceding him,) would be free from all singularities, queerities, quips, quirks, and oddities ; and while they watched him with fearful misgivings, they yet said to themselves and to each other : ' He looks so different from the Colbones, and so much like the Rashers, (his mother's side,) that I guess there won't be any streaks in him.' Japhet was rather a fine-looking boy. The only draw-back to his good appearance was a head of somewhat unwieldy size, and whitish blue eyes, exactly

like his father's. With books, of course, he was on intimate terms, they having been his playthings from his earliest years — indeed, he was seldom seen without them. Manfully he mastered his 'abs' and 'ebs,' and hurried forward to the first class in the primary school. So rapid was his progress, that every body marvelled, and an itinerant phrenologist examined his cranium for nothing, because, he said: 'One did not often meet with such splendid development of brain.' Forthwith he declared that Japhet must go to college; that he should n't wonder if the boy was a marvel; yes, indeed, he fully expected to ask him for an office when he should advance to the dignity of being President of the United States. The elder Colbones was in raptures, and almost went to the city heels over head in his anxiety to buy more books, that the sciences and ologies might be crammed into that capacious brain. Only one person professed to have no faith in the predictions of the man with the skulls, old goody Granger — the matron of the poor-house.

'La!' she would say, putting her thumbs on her hips, 'do you s'pose a Colbones 'll ever come to any thing? Talk about his brain; any body might see it was rickety. Take my word for 't, he 'll be as much of a fool as the rest on 'em.'

Suddenly, when he was fourteen, Master Japhet refused to go to school any longer. His mother coaxed him, his father beat him, but all to no purpose. He had learning enough, he said; he meant to go to farming, or any thing else he liked. He had his way; left the red school-house; made up faces at the teacher when he asked him why; bought himself yarn and knitting-needles, and pestered his mother till she taught him how to knit. From knitting he went to embroidery, and during the long winter evenings made fancy seats for chairs, table-covers, and every thing else he could think of, saying that he was preparing himself for future housekeeping. His family grew accustomed to his odd ways, and his sisters happy that instead of teasing them as other brothers did their sisters, he sat down with them like a real good boy, and when they were in a quandary, helped them out. Japhet was something of a genius, in his way, in devising patterns and drawing them; and he often made a sixpence in this manner. As he grew older he became more and more fond of his needle and of in-door employment. The moment his labor was over in the field, he would hie to his own little room, and there, cutting out articles to please his fancy, stitch away at them with all the ardor of a young mother shaping a dress for her first-born. Singular as it may seem, he was not ashamed to have his handiwork shown at the county fair, with his name attached, and contemplated a handsome quilt, which he had contributed, with as much satisfaction as a first-rate machinist gazes at his complicated cogs and wheels, shafts and pulleys.

Every body laughed at Japhet, though they said it was to be expected, coming from so odd a family. The girls made all manner of sport of him, especially Nanny Halliday and Nelly Gray, two young ladies who were quite near neighbors of the odd family, and to whom Japhet distributed his smiles and nodded his capacious head.

'Do n't you say another word to me about Japhet Colbones,' cried Nanny, in great wrath, to some one who quizzed her. 'Good laws!

ketch me to have a woman for a husband when there are plenty of men about.'

'But jest see what a grand farm you'd get, Nanny,' pursued her tormentor; 'and if ever you got tired cutting out, makin' and mendin', why, you could jest hand the needle-book over to your husband, and he'd do it tidy as a mitten.'

'Oh! do hush,' cried Nanny with spirit, her red cheeks growing redder; 'I wouldn't have Japhet Colbones if there wasn't another fellow in the world.'

Just then Tiddy Grant came into the little cottage. Tiddy was twenty-four, lean, poor, and worked very hard. Her face had a sort of sharp prettiness that sometimes falls to the lot of thin people. She had been washing, and came to rest herself in talking with her neighbors.

'Poh!' she exclaimed, overhearing the last remark, 'you're a great fool then, if he's asked you, I'm sure. Catch me to refuse a young man that's got nothing suspicious about him but a few little oddities. I'm sure Japhet's a very good farmer, and a very good-looking man too; and as for his sewing propensities, I know some men that had better be using needle and thread than be lounging in bar-rooms and making their wives miserable.'

Little she thought that Japhet, now a young man of nineteen, was hidden in the next room, and that he had indulged in another odd freak in prevailing upon an old friend to propose for him in this novel manner.

'Bless us, Japhet!' exclaimed his sisters as he came down the next morning in his newest suit of blue, with bright buttons, 'an't you going to work?'

'I'm going to get married,' said Japhet shortly.

Such a look of consternation! The girls caught their breath and stared at him stupidly.

'For pity's sake, who to?' queried the oldest.

'Tiddy Grant,' he responded, pulling up his dicky before the little glass.

Oh! g-r-a-c-i-o-u-s!' cried his eldest sister again. 'Why she's an old maid.'

'So are you!' responded the young man quietly.

'Well, if I am, I arn't going to get married to a little boy,' retorted his sister sharply.

'Nor an't she,' replied Japhet, giving a final look at the glass.

'I do n't believe it; it's only one of his odd freaks,' said another sister, watching him as he went down the road.

'It'll be just like him exactly, to bring that mean, poor-spirited thing here this very day,' exclaimed another; 'and we can't have a wedding, or company, or any thing.'

'Like's not he'll find her at the wash-tub, and marry her in a check apron,' said the younger sister, who had never liked Tiddy, because she was poor and mean in her appearance.

Off posted Japhet to the little brown cottage where lived Tiddy Grant. At a long table her mother and herself were ironing, for they

took in washing for their living. Both paused when they saw the young man; and Tiddy, bethinking herself of yesterday's speech, blushed till she looked almost handsome.

'It's a nice day!' said Japhet.

'Very,' echoed mother and daughter.

'A fine day to be married in,' suggested the young man.

Tiddy looked up in astonishment and then looked down in confusion.

'If you'll have me Tiddy, say 'Yes,' and put your bonnet on; we'll go right to the minister's.'

The poor girl was confounded; she never had received an offer before in her life. So she stood awkwardly, catching by the table; then in her consternation, took hold of a hot iron, cried, 'Oh!' and sank upon a seat paralyzed.

'I an't got much time,' said Japhet very coolly, rising; 'and I'm determined to be married to day or never. If you'll have me, here I am; but you must make haste or we sha n't be home in time for dinner.'

'Law, Tiddy, are you dumb?' exclaimed old Mrs. Grant in an agony of fear that her daughter would lose the chance; 'do say 'Yes!'' and done with it.'

'Yes, and done with it,' murmured Tiddy faintly.

'Well, now don't lose any time; I've got some hoeing to do to that patch of corn at the left of the house. I'll wait till you put on your bonnet and shawl.'

Tiddy walked in a dream to the door to go up-stairs. Then turning irresolutely, she said, timidly: 'What will your sisters think?'

'Law! Tiddy, do hurry!' cried old Mrs. Grant, while Japhet said quite coolly: 'I never ask them what they think, or any body else.'

Another moment of indecision, and Tiddy was arraying herself in her best gown — a shilling print — trembling, half-laughing, half-crying. It was so strange! so odd! but then every body knew Japhet came of an odd family.

Japhet got home with his wife just as his father drove up with a new cart-load of books. Sisters and mother looked daggers at the double infliction. Old Mr. Colbones glanced suspiciously at Tiddy Grant, now Tiddy Colbones.

'Now you can all have your look, and say your say,' exclaimed Japhet; 'Tiddy is my wife. I've jest been and married her, and brought her home to dinner; I hope it's most ready.'

The elder Colbones spoke not a word, but sending for some one to unload his books, he went complacently into the house. Poor Mrs. Colbones, on the contrary, fretted and fumed. 'What did Japhet want to be such a confounded fool for? Was n't the house already full from cellar floor to clapboard with trash? — and now he must go to bringing more.'

Tiddy had not been in her new home a week before the sisters of the new bridegroom held a consultation, with the doors shut.

'I'm sure no such thing ever happened before,' whispered the eldest, 'and I'm almost confident that huzzy has taken it.'

'And do n't you think,' said Sarah, the next eldest, 'two pair of my very finest stockings are gone.'

‘And my nicest, newest flannel petticoat,’ chimed in another.

‘And my blue and green striped calico!’

‘Did mother tell you she missed two of her best caps?’

‘No! the laws, you do n’t say so!’

‘Yes, and like’s not the huzzy has carried them to the old woman’s, at home,’ chimed in another.

‘Well, I declare! to think that our Japhet should go and marry a thief!’

All this while, poor Tiddy was scrubbing away down stairs, (for work was her life,) helping her new mother-in-law. She had really found in Japhet a tolerable companion and a very industrious husband. She had not yet become sufficiently accustomed to her sisters to like their ways; she even felt nervous and uncomfortable in their presence. How would her indignation have been roused could she have known that they suspected her of stealing! She noticed their growing coldness, their avoidance of her, and spoke to her husband about it. His only reply was: ‘I’m going to build a house; wait awhile.’

With his father’s aid, Japhet set himself to work in earnest, and near the close of the harvest he had ready a pretty little cottage, with a garden spot attached, and a fine orchard in the rear. The land was his father’s gift; the house he built with his own money, and furnished it neatly. By this time Tiddy was looked upon with less suspicion by the members of the odd family. They had searched her drawers in her absence, and found means to inspect even the old widow’s wardrobe. Finding none of the missing clothes, they contented themselves with calling it a mystery, or supposing that in their absence some strolling thief had robbed them. As the family was over large, Tiddy suggested to her husband, that two of his sisters should come and stay with them, adding that ‘she might be glad of their services before a great while.’

‘Do just as you please,’ was his reply.

So Drusy, the eldest, and Fanny, the next in age, were invited to become inmates of the new house. The girls very willingly accepted the offer, as their father was disclosing some new freak of eccentricity every day. He had recently had every door taken from its hinges, and the house was uncomfortably cold, until he had a mind to put them on again.

Some years had passed, and Tiddy had often congratulated herself on her good fortune. She was the mother of two handsome little girls, who were the delight of their parents; and Japhet, though very odd and singular, had developed no very unusual trait of character. Drusy and Fanny, still unmarried, lived with them yet.

One pleasant morning Drusy came down stairs in no very amiable mood.

‘I can’t find my best black silk!’ she cried in consternation; ‘the one I earned myself. I’ve looked for it high and low. And my nice tucked skirt is gone, too; and Fanny’s pink pelerine and best bonnet. What shall we do? I’m sure they were all in my drawers yesterday!’

Tiddy was astonished as well as they. She left her work, and commenced searching. In every nook and corner of the house they hunted, turned chests wrong side out, emptied drawers, stripped closets, but

nothing could they find of the missing articles. There was no other recourse for Drusy, the poor thing, but to cry ; and at it she went, bemoaning her ill-fortune in the most extravagant manner.

It certainly was very mysterious. None but the usual inmates had been in the house. Tiddy searched her own part of the premises as faithfully as every other. But what would she want of the dress or the vandyke ? She could get such things whenever she wished ; and Drusy did not even suspect her this time : but how had it happened ? By witchcraft ? The Colbones were very superstitious, and they shuddered to go to bed after this strange mishap. Drusy declared that she heard foot-steps every night ; and waking up her sister the night after the accident, both lay listening and trembling, for there certainly was a sound as of some one moving around the house.

‘As sure as you live, Fanny, the house is haunted,’ whispered Drusy.

‘For pity’s sake, do n’t !’ cried Fanny, pulling the bed-quilt over her head.

‘I’ve heard that sometimes them that’s gone get a spite against you, and torment you almost to ——’

‘Drusy ! hold your tongue ! I wish you had n’t waked me up,’ chattered Fanny under the bed-clothes.

‘I was only wondering,’ persisted Drusy, who had a love for the horrible, ‘if old Grandpa Colbones ——’

‘I’ll scream murder if you do n’t keep still !’ cried Fanny, now trembling so that the bed shook.

‘Well, anyhow, there’s a noise down stairs. There, do n’t you hear it ? Like somebody marching.’

Poor Fanny was striving to be oblivious to every thing, but it would not do ; she was thoroughly frightened.

‘O Drusy !’ she moaned, ‘if there should be robbers ! Japhet has got money in the house ; and they might come in and murder us in our beds. O Drusy ! did you lock the door ?’

Yes : Drusy never went to bed without locking doors and windows, and shaking every dress and stocking out, to be sure there was nobody inside. She would have gone to her brother’s room, but that it was across the entry, and she was a coward. Beside, she was sure she had heard the same sounds before, and they were yet unharmed.

Fanny declared the next day that she would go back to her father’s house, for she was scared almost out of her seven senses. Tiddy was astonished. Tiddy had heard nothing ; but then, she added, with a laugh, a whole regiment of soldiers might come in the house, and she never should know it, she was so sound a sleeper.

It was very strange, she said, an hour after, she could not find her best shawl, high nor low ; and two very fine night-dresses were gone. She had been hunting for them quietly, though she very well knew where she had left them. She had but one place for them. Was n’t it strange ?

Drusy wondered, Fanny wondered ; but Japhet said not a word, and soon went out as usual.

‘How dreadfully stupid Japhet looks of mornings !’ said Drusy, who began to question and to be suspicious of every body.

'He's such a hard sleeper!' responded Tiddy; 'why, I can hardly get him awake by breakfast-time! I have to pound him and pull him and turn him!'

'He used to be up earlier,' said Drusy thoughtfully.

In the course of the day a neighbor came in and brought her knitting-work.

'Has Japhet taken to peddling?' she asked with a little laugh.

'Taken to peddling!' echoed Tiddy and both the sisters: 'what can you mean?'

'Why, he goes through the village every day with a great tin box,' replied the woman; 'and actually as many as a dozen people have asked me if he has gone to peddling.'

'I'm sure I do n't know what you mean!' said Tiddy; 'I did n't know he carried any box of the kind.'

'Very strange!' said Drusy and Fanny; but they determined to 'wait for the wagon.' When they heard it coming they hurried to a chamber at the back of the house, overlooking the barn. Sure enough, there was Japhet, just lifting from his wagon with no little difficulty a great tin box such as peddlers carry. The sisters looked at each other: what did it mean?

'Between you and me,' whispered Drusy, 'I should n't wonder if he grew strange as he grew older; you know they say all the others did: but what can he have in that box?'

'I'm sure I can't think,' replied Fanny; 'and do look: if he arnt locking up the carriage-house! Laws, Drusy! I thought of going in and trying to find out what it can be.'

'So did I,' responded Drusy; 'but it's no use now. He's got some odd idea in his head, and I suppose he'll keep it there.'

Tiddy Colbones manifested no little astonishment when Drusy and Fanny told her what they had seen, and what they had heard; and for the moment seemed a little uneasy.

'Perhaps it's empty, and he's only taken the notion to carry the box with him because it looks sort of business-like,' she suggested.

'I'm sure it is n't empty!' exclaimed Drusy, 'for he lifted it as if it was a heft. Dear me! what can it be?'

'Did you bring any thing from town, Japhet?,' asked Tiddy that evening at supper.

He looked up as if astonished at the question.

'To be sure I did: I brought myself,' he answered.

'Oh!' and his wife made no other reply; only Drusy and Fanny exchanged glances with her.

That night, by previous arrangement, Drusy and Fanny were to occupy the chamber adjoining Tiddy's sleeping-room. A small window or movable frame opened from one chamber to the other, and under that Tiddy had affixed a string in such a way that a slight pull upon it would awaken her, if her slumber were ever so deep. For a long while the redoubtable spinster kept awake, her fears excited at the slightest sound; but finally drowsiness overcame her, and her eyes obstinately refused to keep open.

For some hours she slept heavily; but at the accustomed time awoke, as had become a usual habit with her.

There were the sounds again ; the going down-stairs, lifting the latch, the fumbling and stepping about. Drusy pulled the string. In a few moments Tiddy's night-capped-head appeared at the door.

'It is Japhet, as I suspected,' she said, whispering. 'He's not in my room. Come ; we won't light a lamp, but go softly down-stairs. You foolish thing, to tremble so ! it's only one of his freaks, and harmless, I suppose, at that. Come ; are you ready ?'

Drusy delayed as long as she could, fidgeting about the shawl she had prepared beforehand, and shivering, she said, at the cold ; then, taking care to keep behind Tiddy, crept down-stairs.

There seemed to be an illumination. The hall was quite light. Tiddy stood on the stair, and reached over to the glass top of the door. For a moment she stood gazing ; then, sinking back, she began laughing immoderately to herself ; her queer contortions, as she beckoned Drusy to look, and the efforts she made to keep from betraying herself, making her, in her night-cap and uncouth attire, appear quite ridiculous.

Drusy stood on tip-toe, taking in the whole scene and its ludicrousness at a glance. Japhet was standing before the looking-glass, his box open beside him. He was arrayed in woman's clothes almost from head to foot, and was just then pulling and straightening out the ruffles on a cap which Drusy recognized as the one her mother had lost some years before. The gown, with its bright blue and white pattern, was familiar to her ; and now he was throwing over the pelerine that they had missed so lately. Every thing he had on seemed to have undergone a change — to have been widened, enlarged, and otherwise altered. After he had sufficiently admired himself, he spread out his gown, took his handkerchief in his hand, and began to walk back and forth with as much of the air and gait of a woman as he could assume. Then he would take out his knitting, smile amicably, sit down with finikin niceness, and knit, holding his head affectedly now this way, now that, with many an accomplished smirk.

Poor Drusy did not feel like laughing, for she saw now where her nice black silk had gone, and sundry other of her valuables, and she began forming a plan in her mind how she should avail herself of them, when Japhet arose, and appeared to be coming toward the door, whereupon the two women fled up-stairs.

The next night, and the next, they watched, and saw the same scene acted over with but few variations. Sometimes the beautiful black silk, altered and disfigured ; sometimes other missing dresses were donned ; and the imaginary woman kept on knitting, smirking, and smiling, till the two hours he had allotted himself were over.

Many were the plans the three women formed to get possession of the box, but they could seem to make none of them available ; and they dared not hint to Japhet what they knew.

One beautiful bright day in August, when the rich harvests, rudely wrested from the bosom of nature, covered the land, and the heavens smiled in a blue and quiet serenity, Japhet lingered about the house till the breakfast-dishes were placed away, and the usual domestic work was begun. All at once the man of few words spoke :

'Tiddy ! take the children, and go and spend the day at father's.

'Oh! I can't, Japhet; there's the churning, and little bits of things to do that I have let go till now. But I'll get them all through, and go to-morrow, Japhet.'

'Drusy and Fanny,' said the oddity, looking about, 'dress the children, and go with Tiddy to spend the day at father's.

Nothing more was to be said. Tiddy had never dreamed of having a way of her own; so she smothered down her disappointment, and prepared for the visit. They all set off very soon, Japhet standing at the door as they went, saying, that if he did n't call for them before dark they need n't come home that night.

'If you do n't come for me by five,' spoke up Tiddy with more self-will than she had ever dared before, 'I shall come home.'

He jerked his head in his odd way, and off they went.

The day passed pleasantly. The old man and his old wife were social in their queerness; for association with her husband for over forty years had made Mrs. Colbones almost as strange as he. But toward five Tiddy began to grow uneasy.

'I feel worried and unhappy,' she said to Drusy; 'I wish Japhet would come.'

'Why should you feel worried?' asked Drusy, her own face somewhat clouded.

'I do n't know,' was the reply; 'but just as I got up from the dinner-table, something seemed to choke me: did you see me catch hold of my throat? and I have had a peculiar feeling ever since.'

'And just then I grew dizzy, too,' said Drusy; 'I did n't like to tell you, but *I've* felt queer ever since.'

'How foolish we are,' said Tiddy, trying to laugh; 'there's the cart now: and there's — oh! no, it is n't; it's a neighbor. Let us get the children and ourselves ready; for if he is n't here by five, I shall certainly go home.'

They all sat waiting till after the clock struck five. Then they started, Tiddy saying, in a faint sort of way, that they should probably meet Japhet on the road, and they might as well be occupied with something: it was only half a mile.

Quite silent, listening to the pretty prattle of the little girls, they arrived at the house. It was shut up, and looked strangely lonesome. They rapped at the door. No answer. Pretty soon the girl they had left at home came flying over from a neighbor's.

'Mr. Colbones told me I might go for the day, after you were gone,' she said, laughing. Apparently she had been enjoying herself very much.

'But the work?' said Tiddy reproachfully.

'I know: but he would n't let me stay. When I told him what you expected, he just took me by the arm and put me out.'

'Where in the world is he?' cried Tiddy, now alarmed, shaking the door.

'I'm sure I don't know,' replied the girl; 'gone off somewhere, I suppose. I'll get in the cellar-way, and let you in.' And so she did.

Once in the house, Tiddy felt oppressed with a strange awe. She went into the parlor, and started back with a scream. All the chairs

in the house had been brought in and ranged in double rows around the room, as if for a funeral, while the large hall-table was set in the centre, spread with a white cloth, and occupied only by the great Bible and hymn-book.

'What does this mean?' asked Tiddy, sinking down, her strength entirely gone. The children laughed with glee, and began to play meeting.

'It's surely a sign!' cried Drusy, her cheeks whitening, while Fanny shivered as with an ague.

'Where *is* that man? oh! dear! where *can* he be?' cried Tiddy, in great distress. 'Drusy! you go hunt. Mary! (to the girl) go round to all the neighbors.' Then, proceeding to the foot of the stairs, she shouted his name; but there was no answer.

'I don't know why, but I dread to go up-stairs,' said Tiddy falteringly. 'Look; he has shut up every blind.'

'There's no use in feeling so; we might as well go up,' said Drusy, summoning a show of courage. 'I don't believe he's in the house, nor have n't from the first. That fixing in the parlor, and shutting up the blinds, was just one of his freaks. I knew he would grow odder as he grew older; all the Colbones do. Come; we might as well have it over with.' So saying, she resolutely mounted into the chamber.

Every thing there was in scrupulous order; though the rooms, upon such an unexpected summons, had been left somewhat untidy. He was in none of the sleeping-apartments, and Tiddy breathed more freely. Drusy now boldly opened the door leading to the great garret. The red rays of the fast-setting sun streamed down the narrow stairs. She went up slowly, one at a time, and when well at the top, gave one sweeping glance about. Then, in a loud voice she cried: 'Here he is, Tiddy: the wicked fellow! trying to scare us all out of our senses. O Japhet!'

By this time Tiddy had flown up with Fanny, and now approached the figure that sat in the shadow. Bonnet, cap, pelerine, gloves, black-silk gown, a bag in its hand, fantastic bows pinned all over it: it was a most fearfully grotesque object. Tiddy, calling him by name, went nearer and nearer, and still nearer; then, with a shriek: 'O Drusy!' she cried, 'he's stone dead!' and fell down fainting.

It was quite true. This was the oddest freak yet, of the odd man. He had managed to hang himself in a sitting posture, and his face was calm and placid. In the bag in his hand was a paper on which were written the words:

'I think I am a woman. I have been seven years making me a perfect suit of garments appropriate for my sex. As I have passed so long, falsely, for a man, I am ashamed to show myself in my true colors; therefore, I hang myself. The property all to go to the woman I have called my wife. It is now twelve o'clock. I have prepared every thing for the funeral, and desire that I may be laid out in the clothes I have on.
JAPHET COLBONES.'

Poor Tiddy was almost distracted. In spite of his strange ways, she had loved her husband deeply, and the manner of his death made the bereavement much more dreadful. Crowds came flocking to see the

strange sight ; and the wonder grew when it was seen that he had taken the greatest pains to leave out not the smallest minutia of a woman's wearing-apparel.

And thus, according to the term of his singular request, he was placed in his coffin in Drusy's black silk ; the only difference in the terms being that the bonnet and shawl were taken off, and the gold rings and jewelry with which he had adorned his neck and fingers.

'There 's the last of the Colbones, likely,' whispered one neighbor to another. 'The women will die old maids, and Tiddy's two children are girls : an't it lucky ?'

Tiddy was left with a handsome property ; but she could no longer bear to live in the house where he had died. So she bought a little cottage for herself and her mother, and very kindly took Drusy and Fanny to live with her.

Old Mr. Colbones still mourns that he has no sons to leave his books to ; and it is whispered that if he should die before his wife, there will probably be a great bonfire somewhere in the vicinity.

A L A M E N T .

I AM alone!

The world hath lost for me its brow of gladness ;

The dewy dawn,

And day, and night, have robbed themselves in sadness,

And life hath nothing left but agony and madness,

Since thou art gone.

Thy soul hath fled

To some bright sphere, afar beyond ' Death's river ;'

While I am led,

In hopeless grief, along its shore forever,

And call thy name ; but hear thy voice, oh! never!

Since thou art dead.

Life's dream is o'er ;

Its spell upon the heart's deep fountains broken

For evermore ;

Yet, in each word thy lute-like voice hath spoken,

It still hath left me many a treasured token,

In memory's store.

And while the light

Of thy last smile upon my soul doth quiver,

As pure and bright

As day's last kiss upon the blushing river,

Dear one! I know thou art not gone forever —

'T is only night.

Morn yet will rise,

And for the night unending day be given :

Then thy dear eyes,

Whose sad eclipse sheds mid-night o'er life's even,

Will shine for me in some bright isle of heaven,

Beyond the skies.

J. W. G.

L I T E R A R Y N O T I C E S .

THE NORTH-AMERICAN REVIEW: Number One Hundred and Seventy-Seven: For the October Quarter: pp. 575. Boston: CROSEY, NICHOLS AND COMPANY. New-York: CHARLES S. FRANCIS AND COMPANY.

Of the nine 'Articles' proper in the present number of this 'ancient and honorable' Quarterly, we have found leisure to read, and in any event, should only have found space to notice, three: the first upon MRS. GASKELL'S Life of CHARLOTTE BRONTË, and the Writings of the Sisters BRONTË; the second upon the Poetry of ELIZABETH BARRETT BROWNING; and the third upon the Memoirs and Speeches of Sir ROBERT PEEL. It is meet, however, that we should state the titles of the remaining papers: GALENGA'S History of Piedmont; LAVALLÉE'S History of the Royal House of St. CYR; the DRED SCOTT Case; SHAKSPEARE in Modern Thought, being a review of GERVINUS, VEHSE, HULSEMAN, and NOIRE, their *German* thoughts, and MISS DELIA BACON, her American speculations on a kindred theme: 'Recent French Literature,' embodying notices of the writings of the DUC DE RAGUSE, VILLEMAIN, MONTALEMBERT, and FLAMBERT: and a review of FLETCHER'S 'Brazil and the Brazilians:' together with more than a score of briefer '*Critical Notices*' of recent note-worthy works, not a few of which are of foreign origin. But to our three chosen papers. The article upon the BRONTËS is very comprehensive and elaborate, and is in all respects satisfactory; as well in relation to MRS. GASKELL'S Life of CHARLOTTE, as to the works of herself and her sisters. The review of ELIZABETH BARRETT BROWNING, evidently by an enthusiastic admirer, will be deemed well-considered and well-written. The writer admits, however, (as who could *avoid* admitting it?) that in her writings, 'by the side of much that is strong and beautiful, there is much that is harsh and forced. Her meaning is often obscure, and her verses unfinished. *Her occasional lack of clearness has kept her words closed to many who would otherwise have received much enjoyment from them.*' Precisely: and this is what we have often argued to a friend of ours, a fervent admirer of MRS. BROWNING, who contends that this is one of her 'beauties!' One of the most distinguished of our own poets once remarked to us, speaking of the then recent marriage

of ELIZABETH and ROBERT BROWNING, that he trusted they would now be able to *understand* each other through their writings; a circumstance not easily predicated of any one else. *Apropos* of this dual influence, our reviewer, adverting to the under-current of 'AURORA LEIGH,' remarks:

'Much of the restlessness and sadness expressed in her earlier poems was the result of that loneliness which a woman feels when she has to meet unaided the storms of life. Her spirit needs some stronger spirit upon which to lean. The greater her genius, the more does she feel this need; for her very genius separates her from the common relations of life, and the more intense, therefore, is the demand for some one to walk with her through her lonely path, and the less is the likelihood that it will be satisfied. She must have one loftier and stronger than herself. A companion without companionship only increases the feeling of loneliness. If she have to stoop to the level of him who should aid her upward flight, the craving remains unfilled. She must have a spirit strong-winged as her own, that shall soar with her toward the sun, and support her when she is ready to sink back again to the earth. Such a feeling, as we may gather from Mrs. BROWNING's self-revelations, was, perhaps unconsciously, coloring her earlier poems, and from the characteristics of her genius, it might have been supposed that it would remain unsatisfied. With her strength of intellect, her soaring imagination, her delicate spiritual perceptions, where could she find one whose strength should be greater, whose imagination loftier, and whose spirituality, if less delicate, should yet be no less strongly marked, and sturdier than her own? We know of but one poet of the present age whose character would correspond to the ideal which we have sketched, and that poet it was her good fortune to meet and to become united with. The genius of ROBERT and that of ELIZABETH BARRETT BROWNING stand, we might almost say, in the contrast of male and female to each other. His is the stronger, the sterner, the more comprehensive; hers the more delicate, the more tender. Thus did Mrs. BROWNING's life become rounded to its completion. The sorrows had given way to gladness; the future joys for which she longed had become present; earth no longer served merely as a sad and dark passage to heaven, but was itself radiant with heaven's glorious light, and penetrated with the sweetness of its love.'

It seems to be the opinion of most readers and admirers of Mrs. BROWNING, that all idea of affectation of literary *manner* in her writings should be thrust aside — put out of the question, 'without ifs or ands.' We do not think so. That she *is* often affected — that she *is* often obscure, may be seen (indeed *is* seen by the reviewer, in numerous passages) by any careful reader of her pages. And what *right* has one who can breathe forth such 'utterances' as the following, to be either affected or obscure? But we have somewhat more to say of this matter hereafter:

'We pray together at the kirk
For mercy, mercy, solely:
Hands weary with the evil work,
We lift them to the HOLY!
The corpse is calm below our knee,
Its spirit bright before thee:
Between them, worse than either, we —
Without the rest or glory!'

'We sit together, with the skies,
The steadfast skies, above us:
We look into each other's eyes —
'And how long will you love us?'
The eyes grew dim with prophecy,
The voices, low and breathless:
'Till death us part!' oh! words, to be
Our best for Love the deathless!

'We tremble by the harmless bed
Of one loved and departed:
Our tears drop on the lips that said
Last night, 'Be stronger-hearted!'

O God! to clasp those fingers close,
And yet to feel so lonely!
*To see a light on dearest brows,
Which is the day-light only!*

'We sit on hills our childhood wist,
Woods, hamlets, streams, beholding:
The sun strikes through the farthest mist,
The city's spire to golden:
The city's golden spire it was,
When hope and health were strongest,
*But now it is the church-yard grass,
We look upon the longest.'*

Observe, too, the deep feeling which not only pervades, but glows through-out the following, from a poem entitled 'COWPER'S GRAVE:'

'LIKE a sick child that knoweth not his mother while she blesses,
And drops upon his burning brow the coolness of her kisses;
That turns his fevered eyes around: 'My mother! where's my mother?'
As if such tender words and looks could come from any other!

'The fever gone, with leaps of heart he sees her bending o'er him;
Her face all pale from watchful love, th' unwearied love she bore him!
Thus woke the poet from the dream his life's long fever gave him,
Beneath those deep pathetic eyes which closed in death, to save him!

'Thus! Oh! not *thus!* No type of earth could image that awaking,
Wherein he scarcely heard the chant of seraphs round him breaking;
Or felt the new immortal throb of soul from body parted;
But felt *those eyes alone*, and knew '*My SAVIOUR!* not deserted!'

In the article upon Sir ROBERT PEEL, we read this lesson to vituperative politicians of all sizes, which should not be lost upon the same class of public aspirants in this country, a class the most detestable of the whole partisan tribe:

'HAVING opposed CANNING through his whole life, and still retaining a bitter recollection of the obloquy which he had heaped upon Fox, the noble Lord was not ready to give his confidence to the new ministry, and he attacked the premier in a speech not less remarkable for its brilliancy and power, than for its extreme bitterness. Worn out by these incessant attacks, CANNING withdrew at the close of the session to the villa of the Duke of Devonshire at Chiswick, to seek the needed rest and relaxation. But his battle was over; and he rapidly sank under the weight of disease. He died on the morning of the eighth of August, 1827, in the very room which Fox had occupied when he too sought rest for his weary body in the same beautiful spot, twenty-one years before.

'In calmly surveying the history of Mr. CANNING's ministry, and of the events immediately preceding his death, the conviction must be forced upon every unprejudiced mind, that all the rules of honorable party warfare were violated in the attacks made upon him. We may not indeed be quite willing to agree with Lady CANNING's opinion, when she wrote to HUSKISSON, reproaching him for 'joining her husband's murderers,' because he had accepted office in the WELLINGTON ministry with Mr. PEEL, nor with Lord GEORGE BENTINCK, when he exclaimed, in one of his fierce diatribes against PEEL, twenty years later: 'They hounded my illustrious relative to death.' Still it must be admitted that CANNING's administration was not allowed a fair trial, that he was assailed with a malignity which nothing could justify, and that his death was hastened by the anxiety and hard and constant toil occasioned by these attacks. And to this censure it is impossible not to consider PEEL as in some degree amenable. It is true that his own language was dignified and decorous; but certainly it was incumbent on him as a party leader to repress the asperity of his followers. Though he did not himself indulge in the low personalities which were levelled at CANNING, he suffered his kinsman, Mr. DAWSON, to lead on the attack.'

As of men, so of measures: time rolls on, and toward the deeds and the memory of the one, animosity ceases; and admiration, oftentimes veneration,

succeeds; while the second are not only acquiesced in, but commended as the ablest of public efforts, the richest of public benefactions. As witness the following:

'In the same month the negotiations between Mr. WEBSTER and Lord ASHBURTON were brought to a happy termination by the signature of the Treaty of Washington. It is a curious and striking illustration of the blindness of party animosity, that in both countries the negotiators of this treaty should have been assailed with equal virulence. In England, Lord PALMERSTON called it 'the ASHBURTON Capitulation.' Our party hacks called it 'the WEBSTER Capitulation.' Mr. MACAULAY thought that the correspondence on the part of Lord ASHBURTON 'had been conducted in such a manner as to lower the character of England,' and that it was pervaded 'with a certain humble, caressing, wheedling tone, utterly inconsistent with the dignity of the office which Lord ASHBURTON occupied,' while 'the whole tone of the correspondence on the part of the United States was firm, resolute, vigilant, and unyielding.' On the other hand, Mr. BENTON was satisfied that 'the concessions from Great Britain to the United States were few in number, small in value, nothing for her to yield, injurious to her to retain, and already as effectually ours without the treaty as with it,' and that 'our grants to her were large and valuable, material for her to receive, dangerous and injurious for us to yield, and involving not only territory, but natural boundaries.' But time has silenced all this invidious clamor; and it is now the universal sentiment of both countries, that this memorable treaty effected a fair and just settlement of the disputed points, that it was honorable to both parties, and a noble monument to the ability and integrity of its negotiators.'

We have not elsewhere seen so complete and condensed a report of Sir ROBERT PEEL's last public appearance, and closing hours, as may be found in the ensuing extract:

'His last speech in Parliament was delivered on the twenty-eighth of June, 1850, in opposition to Mr. ROBERTUCK's famous motion approving of the foreign policy of Lord PALMERSTON. It is certain that Sir ROBERT did not desire the overthrow of the government; but thinking that Lord ABERDEEN had been unjustly assailed, he felt bound to defend him and to oppose the motion.

'The debate lasted all night; and it was once more by the light of the rising sun that Sir ROBERT PEEL walked home from the scene of his earlier and his later triumphs for the last time. He took a few hours of needed rest, and then went forth to the discharge of new duties, as one of the commissioners intrusted with making the preliminary arrangements for the Great Exhibition of 1851. In the latter part of the day, he rode out on horseback for his accustomed exercise, and while proceeding slowly up Constitution Hill, his horse suddenly shied, and threw him violently over his head. He fell with his face downward, and when raised from the ground, he fainted before a carriage could be procured. When he reached his residence, he walked into the house alone, but fainted again in the hall. He was carried into the nearest apartment; and it was only with the greatest difficulty that he was removed from the sofa where he was first placed to an hydraulic bed in the same room — the dining-room where he had so often welcomed his friends. There he breathed his last, after three days of intense suffering, but little alleviated by the watchful care of the attending physicians and surgeons. For it must be observed that this great statesman, who had stood undismayed in the midst of the fiercest political strife, when friends and followers were forsaking him, charging him with treachery and duplicity, and ascribing to him the vilest of motives, was keenly sensitive to physical pain. He would not permit his attendants to make a thorough examination of his injuries; an attempt to reduce a fracture of the collar-bone had to be given up, in consequence of the suffering which it occasioned; and it was only after his death that it was ascertained that one of his ribs was broken, causing a congestion of the lungs.

'During his sufferings he was frequently delirious, and the presence of his wife and children increased his excitement so much, that they were not allowed to remain in the room. On Tuesday, the second of July, it became apparent that his sufferings must soon terminate. His old friend, the Bishop of Gibraltar, was sent for, and his family were again admitted to the bed-side of the dying man. A faintly breathed 'God bless you!' showed that he recognized them, as he sank into unconsciousness. Shortly after, two other friends, Lord HARDINGE and Sir JAMES GRAHAM, whose names had often been on his lips in his moments of delirium, arrived, and remained with him until his death. At nine minutes after eleven at night, he breathed his last, in presence of these two friends, his son-in-law, three of his brothers, three of his sons, and his physicians.

Lady PEEL's emotion was so great that she had been led from the room some time before his last hour came.

His death caused a deep sense of loss in Parliament and throughout the country. In the House of Commons, Lord JOHN RUSSELL offered, on behalf of the government, a public funeral, such as had been given to the younger PITT. The offer was declined, in accordance with the often repeated wishes of the deceased statesman; and on the ninth of July, in a drenching rain and a thick fog, his mortal remains were borne across the fields from Drayton Manor to the parish church, followed by his family, his principal political friends, his servants, and his tenants. The funeral service was read by the Bishop of Gibraltar, in the presence of a numerous multitude, who had gathered from Tamworth and the neighboring towns to pay the last tribute of respect to one of the greatest statesmen of the nineteenth century. Three days later Lord JOHN RUSSELL proposed that a monument should be erected to his memory in Westminster Abbey, and the motion was immediately adopted. One other mark of respect the government were desirous of showing for his memory by raising Lady PEEL to the peerage, as had been done in the case of Mr. CANNING's widow. But the honor was declined in consequence of a special request of Sir ROBERT PEEL, that no member of his family should accept any title or public reward for the services which he might have rendered to the state. Other testimonies of respect were shown elsewhere. In London, Edinburgh, and the great manufacturing towns, public meetings were held, and measures were taken for the erection of monuments and statues. The most remarkable demonstration of gratitude and respect, however, was a penny subscription for the erection of a *Poor Man's National Monument*, which it was proposed should bear these words from his speech on retiring from office in June, 1846:

“It may be, that I shall leave a name sometimes remembered with expressions of good-will in the abodes of those whose lot it is to labor and to earn their daily bread by the sweat of their brow, when they shall recruit their exhausted strength with abundant and untaxed food, the sweeter because it is no longer leavened by a sense of injustice.”

We trust this ‘Poor Man's National Monument’ may have been erected, for it would remain a fit testimonial to one who, although the son of a cotton-spinner, rose ‘from the ranks’ to become one of the chief ornaments of the State.

SOUVENIRS OF TRAVEL. By Madame OCTAVIA WALTON LE VERT. In two Volumes: pp. 696. New-York: S. H. GOETZEL AND COMPANY.

THE new house whence these volumes proceed could scarcely have initiated their business with a more attractive work. There are few of our readers, we venture to affirm, but have heard of Madame LE VERT: a lady whose graces of person and manner, whose rare accomplishments, and above all, whose gentleness and goodness of heart, have made her a favorite wherever she has been. At Saratoga, at Newport, at Washington, and in our great metropolis, her name has been almost a synonym for the enviable qualities we have indicated. Common as have become books of travel in Europe, we have read Madame LE VERT's book with pleasure. No other American traveller has had such advantages. Kings and queens, emperors and empresses, earls and dukes, duchesses and baronesses, were her unsought hosts and hostesses; and somewhat of all she saw and heard she has jotted down in pleasant phrase, never doing injustice to the privilege of a ‘privileged guest.’ Her ‘powers of description are of a high order. There is a freshness and joyousness in the style. There is a humming-bird-like devotion to every attraction, and yet no wasting of words in tedious details. The reader might well imagine he heard the authoress narrating to a circle of friends what she saw, and what was most worth seeing.’ The

'*North-American Review*,' speaking of the volumes of our fair authoress, and of herself, observes:

'Her style is that of the *viva voce* narrative of a person of fine culture, mature understanding, elegant taste, and very moderate enthusiasm. She thus satisfies us the most fully in her descriptions of society and of artificial life; the least, in her sketches of Alpine and Italian scenery. But the charm of her work lies in her freedom of access, on terms of equality, to those higher circles of European and especially English society, of which we generally get only the far-off views of those who, 'sovereigns' at home, are forced to be plebeians abroad, or the hardly nearer views of those who, by dint of impudence, through extorted introductions, push their way where they are not so much received as tolerated. We by no means admire this inaccessibility of English aristocratic society; nor do we deem that society one whit the better, because it sees fit to plant around itself a hedge of thorn-bushes. But still it exists, and is of old — a tradition, an institution, a social force; and we rejoice in the opportunity of inspecting it. Madame LE VERR was every where 'received;' and, while she has not, as we think, violated hospitality by too great license, she certainly exercises the broadest freedom consistent with good breeding in portraying persons, describing objects, relating incidents, and copying conversations. Her two European tours extended through all the portions of Europe usually visited by American travellers, and the narrative of the second commences with a residence of several weeks at Havana. From Havana she embarked for Cadiz, and in Spain she occupies a ground on which she has fewer predecessors and rivals than elsewhere, so that her chapters on the Spanish cities contain a very considerable amount of entirely fresh material.'

We regret that the following picture of a scene at Baden-Baden is all for which we can find space. It will, however, afford our readers a fair 'sample' of our accomplished authoress' general style:

'At Carlsruhe we entered the most splendid car I have ever seen. It was like a small parlor, with luxurious sofas and ottomans, large mirrors and paintings. While we were waiting the moment of departure, two well-dressed women came in, supporting in their arms an old woman, apparently of ninety. She was attired in India muslin and costly lace, with rich jewels and white satin slippers. She was a perfect mummy; for the yellow skin clung to the bones of her face, and but for the restless wandering of her eyes, one would have declared her a corpse. Her attendants placed her upon a sofa, and forthwith she began talking in the most vivacious manner.

'At twilight we reached *Baden-Baden*, and after driving to several hotels, found lodgings at the 'Victoria.' The town was overflowing with visitors, and that night there was to be a ball at the *Conversationhaus*. Above the music and the voices, and the rushing sound of the dancers' feet, was constantly heard a sharp, ringing, metallic sound. Upon entering a grand saloon near by, we soon discovered the origin of it. From the gold and silver cast down by the eager gamblers it proceeded. At a large table were seated two or three statue-like men, with features as immovable as though cast in bronze. Before them were mountains of gold, and small Alps of silver. A crowd of persons, some seated at the table, and others leaning over them, were occupied in betting. Not a word was spoken by any one save the dealer, who called out, '*Le jeu est fait*;' (the game is made.) With wondering eyes we gazed around upon the faces of the throng, and felt we had opened a new page in the book of life — never before having seen a gaming-table; and never did I behold human beings so entirely absorbed as these were. It seemed as though all the hopes of existence were merged in the turn of that terrible wheel. With anxious look they watched it, and when the 'silver rake' of the dealer drew in the gold, how the light appeared to desert those eyes, and the face grow haggard and pale! A painful feeling swelled at my heart, and yet a strange fascination kept me there; I became as much interested in the fate of the gamblers as though the game were my own.

'There were many elegant-looking women and lovely girls betting more largely than even the men. Just in front of me, seated in an arm-chair, supported by her two companions, was our *old woman of the railway*, casting down gold coin in perfect showers. From a person near me, I learned that she was a Russian Princess of great wealth, who had been long paralyzed, but who adored the excitement of a gambler's life. She had come to-night purposely to bet; and at two o'clock in the morning, when I looked in at the table, there she was seated, still pouring out the gold. Although her face was like the face of the dead, her eyes were glowing like globes of flame.'

What a picture of 'a ruling passion' *almost* 'strong in death!' But 'Time's up' — and so, for that matter, is space. Well printed, on good paper.

THE AMERICAN HORSE. FRANK FORRESTER'S HORSE AND HORSEMANSHIP OF THE UNITED STATES. By HENRY WILLIAM HERBERT. In two Volumes: pp. 1128. New-York: STRINGER AND TOWNSEND.

THE capable and popular publishers of these two truly superb volumes are winning their way to a most enviable distinction, by reason of the great excellence and rare beauty of the issues from their press. We have already had 'our say' of the volumes before us, from an examination of the sheets as they were being printed, and several of the engravings; but we had no idea of the truly sumptuous character which the volumes were to assume when they should be completed. Every illustration, in every copy of the work, is printed upon India proof-paper; an expenditure, we venture to say, not attempted heretofore in any kindred publication in this country. Moreover, as we have already said, the printing and paper are of the very best; while the binding, in various styles, and at various prices, is extremely tasteful and rich. As the work, however, has already had our 'good word,' at much length, we propose now to permit an able contemporary critic to speak of it in our pages. Mr. RIPLEY, of the '*The Tribune*' daily journal, says of it:

'No ELEMENT of the Anglo-Saxon blood has been more completely preserved in the promiscuous mixtures of this country than the inveterate love of horse-flesh. The passion pervades every portion of the Union. In the early days of Virginia colonization, the planter's pace was a proverb; and as long as the New-England stage-coaches were on the road, a team of Vermont horses was the pride of the Yankee six-in-hand driver, and the admiration of young and old in every village. If a good horse is such a favorite object with the American, a good book about the horse of America is sure to find a general welcome. Many who read little else, will eagerly devour a lively description of the stately animal in which they take a personal interest. Indeed, all classes of readers may well be pleased to dip into these sumptuous volumes of Mr. HERBERT. It would not be easy to name a writer with such qualifications as he possesses for the composition of such a work. With a thorough English education and breeding, which includes a knowledge of the *manège* as well as of the catechism — a familiarity with rural and sporting life in this country which has brought him into contact with the finest specimens of his favorite animal — and an enthusiastic study of the great standard authorities who have preceded him as writers on the subject, he combines an uncommon power of expression and illustration, and a sturdy common-sense, which adds a certain muscular vigor to the graces of his style. Mr. HERBERT, in the first volume of his work, devotes a large space to the history of the English and of the American thorough-bred horse, which he enlivens by memoirs and descriptions of several of the most celebrated racers in the country, together with accounts of their most remarkable performances, and various essays on the breeding, training, and general comparative qualities of the thorough-bred horse. The second volume is of a more miscellaneous character, treating of the prevailing horse stock of America, the different families in the various States, as the Conestoga, the Canadian, the Narragansett pacer, the Vermont draught-horse, the Indian pony, the Morgan horse, etc., with a history of the trotting turf from its commencement, in 1815, to 1856, and essays on horsemanship, field, stable, and road management, and a multitude of other topics directly bearing on the main subject of the work. The typographical execution, and artistic illustrations of these volumes, commend them to the attention of the amateur in books, as well as the lover of horses. The engravings comprise a great variety of portraits of the most celebrated animals, with admirable vignette titles by DARLEY.'

We shall most decidedly 'lose our guess' if this does not have a very extended sale, the 'hard times' to the contrary notwithstanding. Few true sportsmen, *gentlemen-sportsmen*, but will needs place a copy of this superb and authentic work upon the shelves of their library.

WILD NORTHERN SCENES: SPORTING ADVENTURES WITH THE RIFLE AND THE ROD. By S. H. HAMMOND: Author of 'Hills, Lakes, and Forest Streams,' 'Summer Rambles,' etc. Illustrated by engravings. In one Volume: pp. 341. New-York: DERBY AND JACKSON, Number 119 Nassau-street.

WE made a remark some time ago, in this department of the KNICKER-BOCKER, to the effect that it might be a good thing to delay a notice of a good work, until all our contemporaries had 'said their say' of it. Such is the case with these 'Sporting Adventures': and if our readers have forgotten the 'good words' that have been said by the daily, weekly, and monthly press, touching the pleasant volume in hand, so much the better for us. Listen, therefore, to the few words which we have to offer. In the first place, Mr. HAMMOND writes *naturally*. His is no pumped-up enthusiasm. He *loves* the woods, and wood-craft; and if he were to asseverate that he did n't, with upraised right hand, we should say that he was a — We shall not claim much of our readers' time in perusing our poor comments upon the book before us. They had much better read it: and when they have perused the following passages, they will need small incitement thereto:

'The sounds that come upon the ear during the night, in a far-off place like this, are peculiar. The old owl hoots mournfully, the frogs bellow hoarsely along the reedy shore, while the tree-toads are quavering from among the branches of the scrubby trees that grow along the rocky banks; the whippoorwill pipes shrilly in the forest depths; the breeze murmurs among the foliage of the tall old pines, while the everlasting roar of the waters, as they go tumbling down the rocks, is always heard. However diversified these sounds may be, they all invite to repose. They fall soothingly upon the ear, and though all are distinctly heard, yet, strange as it may seem, there is a strong impression upon the mind of the deep silence pervading the forest. This impression is doubtless occasioned by the utter dissimilarity between the voices one hears in the day, from those which fall upon the ear in the night-time. The former are all joyous and happy, full of gladness and merriment, full of life and animation; the latter, solemn, deep, profound, lulling to the senses; not sorrowful nor sad, yet still such as form a calm and quiet lullaby, under the influence of which one glides away into slumber, and sleeps quietly until dawn. Then the voice of gladness breaks so tumultuously on the ear, that he must be a sluggard indeed who can resist their wakening influences.

'How beautifully the sun went down behind the hills, lighting up the western sky, and the fleecy clouds floating in the heavens with a blaze of glory, throwing a mantle of silver over the tall ranges and mountain peaks that loomed up in solemn grandeur away in the east; and how stillly, silently the stars came out from the depths above, and how brightly and truthfully they were given back from away down in depths beneath the placid waters. We had taken half-a-dozen beautiful trout from the foot of the falls where the current shoots out into the lake. We had eaten them too, and were sitting in front of our tents smoking our evening pipes.

'*'SPALDING,'* said the Doctor, 'how I wish our little boys were out here with us. How they would enjoy themselves among these lakes and rivers. It is a hard lot that the children of our cities have in life. They struggle up to man and womanhood against fearful odds, and the wonder is, that they do not perish in their infancy; that they are not blasted, as the blossoms are, when the cold east wind sweeps over the earth.'

“You are right, my friend,” replied SPALDING. “I should like to have our little boys, and girls too, for that matter, with us for a few days out here on these lakes. It would be a lifetime to them, measuring time by the enjoyment it would afford them. Still, their city habits might make them tire of this freedom in a week. You and I enjoy it longer, because it brings back old memories and relieves us from the toils of business and the restraints of conventional life. You are right, too, in saying that the lot of our city children is a hard one. To live imprisoned between long rows of brick walls, breathing an atmosphere charged with the exhalations of ten thousand cooking-stoves, the dust of forges and the smoke of furnaces, machine-shops, gas works, filthy streets, and the thousand other manufactories of villainous smells; where the summer air has no freshness, no forest odors, or sweetness gathered from fields of grain, the meadows, or the pastures. To tramp only on stone side-walks. To know nothing of the pleasant paths beneath the spreading branches of old primeval trees; no soft grass for their little feet to press; never to wander along the streams or the little brooks; to be strangers always to the beautiful things spread out everywhere in the country in the summer-time. I always feel sad when I see the pale faces of the little children of the great cities, and marvel how so many of them grow up to be men and women. It is a hard lot to be cooped up in the city, vegetating, as it were, in the shade, where there is no grass for their little feet to press, no fences to climb, or fields to ramble over, or brooks to wade, or running water on which to float chips, and wherein to watch the little chubs and shiners dancing and playing about, or fresh pure air to breathe, or birds to listen to. It is a thousand pities that the cities could not be emptied every summer of their little people into the free and open country, where they could run about, and sport and play, and have free range and plenty of elbow-room. It would make them so much healthier and happier, so much more cheerful; their voices of gladness would ring out so much more joyously in the morning, and their songs be so much more sweet at night.

“I remember an anecdote told me of a little child, born in the great metropolis, who had never, until her fifth summer, been outside of the paved streets of New-York. Her mother had friends residing in one of the up-river towns, owning a beautiful farm overlooking the Hudson, and in early May she paid them a visit, taking her little daughter with her. MARY, of course, was delighted. Like a bird freed from its cage, she flew about here, there, every where, in-doors and out, among the chickens and the pigs, the turkeys and the lambs, enjoying to the full the thousand new things that her eyes rested upon all round her, and her young spirits in wild commotion under the bracing influences of the country air. ‘Mother! mother!’ she exclaimed, as she came dashing into the parlor, her beautiful curls floating wildly over her shoulders, and her bright eyes wide open with wonder; ‘Mother! mother! come out here, quick! and see this funny tree, all covered over with snow-flakes, and how sweet it smells all around it.’

“It was a plum-tree in full blossom. That little child had never seen the beautiful spring blossoms on the fruit trees.”

It is our impression that the following will be considered good: and yet it is but a fair sample of the entire ‘staple’ of Mr. HAMMOND’s book:

“I REMEMBER,” said the doctor, “and it is one of the earliest incidents which my recollection has treasured, that I was out one evening in autumn, with a boy older than myself, gathering hazel-nuts. The sun had sunk behind the hills, and the shadows of twilight were gathering in the valley. It was a beautiful and calm evening, the solemn stillness of which, was only broken by the ‘tza! tza!’ of thousands of katydids among the bushes. I asked my companion what it was that made the noise I heard, and he, supposing that I referred to sounds that came up occasionally from the lake, after listening for a moment, answered that it was made by the wild geese. In my simplicity I believed it, and it was not until I caught, the next season, a katydid while it was in the act of singing, that I discovered that the music among the hazel-bushes was not made by the wild-geese.”

“I never respect a man or woman,” said SPALDING, “whose heart does not warm toward little children, who takes no pleasure nor interest in their society, who has no patience to listen to their simple thoughts expressed in their simple way. ‘Mother,’ said a little child of four or five years of age, one evening when the summer air was warm, and the skies were bright above, as she sat beside her mother, on a bench beneath the spreading branches of the tall old elms in front of the house; ‘mother, what makes the stars come out only after the dark has come down, and why don’t the moon go up into the sky like the sun in the day-time?’

“I listened anxiously for the reply. I knew the kind heart of that mother, how truthful it was, and how earnest and pure in its affection for its gentle and only darling.

“‘Sit here upon my lap, MARY,’ said the mother, ‘and I will try and explain it all so that you will understand it.’

“And she told the little child how God made the sun to rule the day, and the moon and the stars to rule the night; how that the stars were always in the sky, but how the superior brightness of the sun put them out in the day-time; how the stars, that twinkled like little rush-lights in the heavens, were great worlds, a thousand times larger than this earth, made and placed away up in the sky, by the same great and good God who made the world we live in. Little MARY was silent and attentive to the simple lecture, until it was finished, and then asked, so simply and confidently, that I could not help smiling to think that the mind of childhood should be running upon a subject, and seeking a solution of the same question which has puzzled the profoundest philosophers through all time: ‘Mother,’ said the little one, ‘are there people in the moon and in the stars, them great worlds that look to us so like candles in the sky?’

“‘That question, my child,’ said the mother, ‘I cannot answer.’

“‘I believe,’ said the child, ‘that there *are* people in the moon, and in all the stars.

“‘Why?’ asked her mother.

“‘Because I do n’t believe God would make such big and beautiful worlds without making people to live in them.’

“What more has the profoundest philosopher who ever lived said, to prove that those mighty worlds which are seen in the heavens at night, that are scattered all through the universe of God, rolling forever on their everlasting rounds, are peopled by living, moving, sentient beings?”

SONGS AND POEMS OF THE SOUTH. By A. B. MEEK, Author of ‘The Red Eagle.’ Mobile, Alabama. New-York: J. H. GOETZEL AND COMPANY, Number 117 Fulton-street.

THIS third edition of a volume of ‘Songs and Poems,’ by Judge MEEK, of Alabama, (author of ‘The Red Eagle,’ heretofore noticed with deserved favor in the KNICKERBOCKER,) is appropriately and worthily inscribed ‘To General MIRABEAU B. LAMAR, Ex-President of Texas:’ a fact which reminds us that we have hitherto failed to mention the receipt of a very superbly-executed volume, with a finely-engraved portrait, from the distinguished gentleman to whom the present work is inscribed. It is not now upon our table, being in ‘fairer hands’ than our own. It was from the press of Messrs. FETTRIDGE AND COMPANY, of this city, and was perused by us with pleasure. The verse-memorials of which the volume was mainly composed, were addressed to distinguished lady-friends in Texas and elsewhere, and were unambitious in style, but generally replete with true feeling, and much delicacy of thought, and neatness of execution. Thus much, by way of apology for a neglect which has been wholly accidental. Return we to Mr. MEEK’s book, whose modest title heads this notice. Our author never attempts to surprise his reader by thoughts, good enough in themselves, perhaps, but enveloped in a misty haze of words. What we have said of General LAMAR’s verse, may with equal propriety be applied to his own. His style is simple and direct, and his thoughts pass onward in an even, uninterrupted flow to their end. We have space for but the following from the ‘*Choctaw Melodies*,’ ‘*A Mother’s Dirge for her Infant*.’ It is very graceful and tender:

II.

‘In a small grove of dog-wood trees,
Whose spring-time flowers perfumed the breeze,
By Pascagoula’s tawny wave,
There was a little new-made grave:
And there above the humble mound
A youthful mother oft was found,
Who thus, in sad and frantic strains,
Wept o’er her first-born babe’s remains:

II.

'Now cradled in the damp, cold ground
My little warrior lies :
Now he is bound with wampum round,
And shut his sparkling eyes;
Yet why, above his place of sleep,
Why should I weep ?

III.

'The little bird, when it is grown,
Must leave its native nest,
'Mid snares and foes, to soar alone,
By want and care distressed :
And oft the cruel hunter's dart
Will pierce its heart.

IV.

'But thou, sweet one, hast shed no tears,
Nor felt the woes of life :
Thy spirit, undisturbed by fears,
By anguish and by strife,
To golden groves has soared above,
Bird of my love.

V.

'Ah! hadst thou only staid below,
What grace and strength were thine :
To chase the deer, to bend the bow,
To draw the fisher's line,
Or bravely in the battle-field,
The club to wield.

VI.

'Yet why should I lament thy doom ?
The bud that in the spring-time dies,
Bears all its bloom and rarest perfume
To spirits in the skies :
A heavenly blossom now thou art,
Bud of my heart.

VII.

'But oh! thou wert too young to go :
Thy little tender feet
No father's guidance now can know,
No mother's counsel meet ;
Who now will nurse thy fragile form,
And keep thee warm.

VIII.

'Ah! yes, I hear a spirit say,
I will protect him here :
Who from their cradles pass away,
To us are ever dear :
Then why, my babe, above thy sleep,
Why should I weep ?'

It was our purpose to have quoted from a Fourth-of-July Poem, pronounced at Tuscaloosa, Alabama, replete with the noblest patriotic and national sentiments, but our present limits will not permit. We may remark, in closing, that with the volume under notice came a work in prose, by the same author, entitled '*Romantic Passages in South-western History*,' from the press of the same publishers. We shall endeavor to advert to it hereafter.

EDITOR'S TABLE.

THE BOSTON 'ATLANTIC' MAGAZINE. — Our new contemporary, the '*Atlantic Monthly Magazine*' of Boston, comes before us with a personal presence which betokens a warm welcome from the public. He is 'good-looking;' dresses like a gentleman; and 'which is more,' he hath that within which passeth show. We greet him, at the latest hour, with the 'right-hand of fellowship:' but before we proceed to read the last proof-sheet save one of our Fiftieth Volume, let us afford our readers a taste of our young friend's quality. We can only refer to one or two of its papers. The first is upon '*Douglas Jerrold*.' From 'internal evidence,' and a certain *vraisemblance* of style, we infer this to be from the pen of Mr. JOHN ROSS DIX, author of 'Pen and Pencil Sketches,' etc. Save that there is somewhat more of the writer's comments than of JERROLD himself, his history, doings and sayings, the article is a clever one. Many of the 'good things' of JERROLD are recorded, old and new, among which the following strikes us freshly. The pungent satirist had been bored by the long and vapid conversation of an amateur vocalist, who at length, speaking of a certain tune, said: 'It completely carries me away, whenever I hear it.' 'For Pity's sake, then,' said JERROLD, 'let somebody whistle it!' The epitaph, extemporized for his friend CHARLES KNIGHT, of SHAKESPEARE memory, is in his very best vein: 'Good KNIGHT!' We wonder not to have met one of the very best hits of JERROLD in any of the late reminiscences of him. We heard it from the most reliable authority. A terrible poetical bore — one of that awful class who insist upon *reading* to you their effusions — and who had been trying his hand at an imitation of DANTE's '*Inferno*,' asked JERROLD one day: 'I say, JERROLD, did you ever see my '*Descent into Hell*?' 'I am sorry to say, I never *did*,' replied JERROLD. 'I should *like* to!' Two other anecdotes of JERROLD occur to us now, which we have not elsewhere seen. He was stopped by a bore in the street one day, when in a great hurry, who seized him by the button-hole, and asked: 'What is *going on*?' JERROLD gave him one look — one of *his* looks — and replied: '*I am!*' and off he strode. Also: speaking one day of the penuriousness of certain of his Scotch friends, he said: 'Why, there is P — : he invited eight of us to

a supper one night. When we had all arrived, he placed a single bottle of wine upon the table, then turned and locked the door, took out the key, and exclaimed: 'There, me boys, not one of you can flit till that is a' gone!' If JOHN SANDERSON, author of 'The American in Paris,' were alive, we should unhesitatingly attribute '*The Autocrat of the Breakfast-Table*' to his facile pen. It is full of epigrammatic wisdom, which the author might well defy any chance taker-up of '*The Atlantic*' not to read. Listen to him for a moment, please:

'This business of conversation is a very serious matter. *There are men that it weakens one to talk with an hour more than a day's fasting would do.* Mark this that I going to say, for it is as good as a working professional man's advice, and costs you nothing: It is better to lose a pint of blood from your veins than to have a nerve tapped. Nobody measures your nervous force as it runs away, nor bandages your brain and marrow after the operation.

'There are men of *esprit* who are excessively exhausting to some people. They are the talkers that have what may be called *jerky* minds. Their thoughts do not run in the natural order of sequence. They say bright things on all possible subjects, but their ziz-zags rack you to death. After a jolting half-hour with one of these jerky companions, talking with a dull friend affords great relief. *It is like taking the cut in your lap after holding a squirrel.*

'What a comfort a dull but kindly person is, to be sure, *at times!* A ground-glass shade over a gas-lamp does not bring more solace to our dazzled eyes than such a one to our minds.

'You do n't suppose that my remarks made at this table are like so many postage-stamps, do you? — each to be only once uttered? If you do, you are mistaken. He must be a poor creature that does not often repeat himself. Imagine the author of the excellent piece of advice, 'Know thyself,' never alluding to that sentiment again during the course of a protracted existence! Why, the truths a man carries about with him are his tools; and do you think a carpenter is bound to use the same plane but once to smooth a knotty board with, or to hang up his hammer after it has driven its first nail? I shall never repeat a conversation, but an idea often. I shall use the same types when I like, but not commonly the same stereotypes. A thought is often original, though you have uttered it a hundred times. It has come to you over a new route, by a new and express train of associations.

'Sometimes, but rarely, one may be caught making the same speech twice over, and yet be held blameless. Thus, a certain lecturer, after performing in an inland city, where dwells a *Literatrice* of note, was invited to meet her and others over the social tea-cup. She pleasantly referred to his many wanderings in his new occupation. 'Yes,' he replied, 'I am like the Huma, the bird that never lights, being always in the cars, as he is always on the wing.' Years elapsed. The lecturer visited the same place once more for the same purpose. Another social cup after the lecture, and a second meeting with the distinguished lady. 'You are constantly going from place to place,' she said. 'Yes,' he answered; 'I am like the Huma,' and finished the sentence as before.

'What horrors, when it flashed over him that he had made this fine speech, word for word, twice over! Yet it was not true, as the lady might perhaps have fairly inferred, that he had embellished his conversation with the Huma daily during that whole interval of years. On the contrary, he had never once thought of the odious fowl until the recurrence of precisely the same circumstances brought up precisely the same idea. He ought to have been proud of the accuracy of his mental adjustments. Given certain factors, and a sound brain should always evolve the same fixed product with the certainty of BABBAGE's calculating machine.

'What a satire, by the way, is that machine on the mere mathematician! A FRANKENSTEIN-monster, a thing without brains and without heart, too stupid to make a blunder; that turns out formulae like a corn-sheller, and never grows any wiser or better, though it grind a thousand bushels of them!

'I have an immense respect for a man of talents *plus* 'the mathematics.' But the calculating power alone should seem to be the least human of qualities, and to have the smallest amount of reason in it; since a machine can be made to do the work of three or four calculators, and better than any one of them. Sometimes I have been troubled that I had not a deeper intuitive apprehension of the relation of numbers. But the triumph of the ciphering hand-organ has consoled me. I always fancy I can hear the wheels clicking in a calculator's brain. The power of dealing with numbers is a kind of 'detached lever' arrangement, which may be put into a mighty poor watch. I sup-

pose it is about as common as the power of moving the ears voluntarily, which is a moderately rare endowment.'

Certainly : *any* jackass has it : and hence, 'Why should vain man,' and so forth? Perpend, also, the wisdom of the subjoined sentences : 'We are the Romans of the modern world — the great assimilating people. Conflicts and conquests are of course necessary accidents with us, as with our prototypes. And so we come to their style of weapon. Our army sword is the short, stiff, pointed *gladius* of the Romans ; and *the American bowie-knife is the same tool, modified to meet the daily wants of civil society.*' Perceive likewise the point in the following : the picture of an immediate descendant of a too-often miscalled 'Gentleman of the Old School,' who cracked the skull of old PRISCIAN every time he opened his mouth to speak, and wore white-top boots, 'all of the olden time :'

'Your self-made man, whittled into shape with his own jack-knife, deserves more credit, if that is all, than the regular engine-turned article, shaped by the most approved pattern, and French-polished by society and travel. But as to saying that one is every way the equal of the other, that is another matter. The right of strict social discrimination of all things and persons, according to their merits, native or acquired, is one of the most precious republican privileges. I take the liberty to exercise it, when I say, that, *other things being equal*, in most relations of life I prefer a man of family.

'What do I mean by a man of family? Oh! I'll give you a general idea of what I mean. Let us give him a first-rate fit out; it costs us nothing.

'Four or five generations of gentlemen and gentlewomen; among them a member of his Majesty's Council for the Province, a Governor or so, one or two Doctors of Divinity, a member of Congress, not later than the time of top-boots with tassels.

'Family portraits. The member of the Council, by SMIBERT. The great merchant-uncle, by Coplex, full length, sitting in his arm-chair, in a velvet cap and flowered robe, with a globe by him, to show the range of his commercial transactions, and letters with large red seals lying round, one directed conspicuously to the Honorable, etc., etc. Great grandmother, by the same artist; brown satin, lace very fine, hands superlative; grand old lady, stiffish, but imposing. Her mother, artist unknown; flat, angular, hanging sleeves; parrot on fist. A pair of STUARTS, namely, 1. A superb, full-blown, mediæval gentleman, with a fiery dash of Tory blood in his veins, tempered down with that of a fine old rebel grandmother, and warmed up with the best of old India Madeira; his face is one flame of ruddy sun-shine; his ruffled shirt rushes out of his bosom with an impetuous generosity, as if it would drag his heart after it; and his smile is good for twenty thousand dollars to the Hospital, beside ample bequests to all relatives and dependents. 2. Lady of the same; remarkable cap; high waist, as in time of Empire; bust *à la Josephine*; wisps of curls, like celery-tips, at sides of forehead; complexion clear and warm, like rose-cordial. As for the miniatures by MALBONE, we do n't count them in the gallery.

'Books, too, with the names of old college-students in them — family names; you will find them at the head of their respective classes in the days when students took rank on the catalogue from their parents' condition. Elzevirs, with the Latinized appellations of youthful progenitors, and *Hic liber est meus* on the title-page. A set of HOGARTH's original plates. POPE, original edition, fifteen volumes, London, 1717. BARROW on the lower shelves, in folio. TILLOTSON on the upper, in a little dark platoon of octodecimos.

'Some family silver; a string of wedding and funeral rings; the arms of the family, curiously emblazoned; the same in worsted, by a maiden aunt.

'If the man of family has an old place to keep these things in, furnished with claw-foot chairs and black mahogany tables, and tall bevel-edged mirrors, and stately upright cabinets, his outfit is complete.'

Our 'Autocrat' is something of a poet withal: and the following '*Latter-Day Warning*' is listened to, at the breakfast-table, with the most respectful attention:

'WHEN legislators keep the law,
When banks dispense with bolts and locks,
When berries, whortle, rasp — and straw —
Grow bigger *downward* through the box:

'When he that selleth house or land,
Shows leak in roof or flaw in right:
When haberdashers choose the stand
Whose window hath the broadest light:

'When preachers tell us all they think,
And party leaders all they mean:
When what we pay for, that we drink,
From real grape and coffee-bean:

'When lawyers take what they would give,
And doctors give what they would take:
When city fathers eat to live,
Save when they fast for conscience' sake:

'When one that hath a horse on sale
Shall bring his merit to the proof,
Without a lie for every nail
That holds the iron on the hoof:

'When, in the usual place for rips,
Our gloves are stitched with special care,
And guarded well the whalebone tips
Where first umbrellas need repair:

'When publishers no longer steal,
And pay for what they stole before:
When the first locomotive's wheel
Rolls through the Hoosac tunnel's bore:

'*TILL* then let *CUMMING* blaze away,
And *MILLER*'s saints blow up the globe;
But when you see that blessed day,
Then order your ascension-robe!'

GOSSIP WITH READERS AND CORRESPONDENTS. — The following, so far as we know, is the last composition which came from the pen of our late partner, Mr. SAMUEL HUESTON. He said, while lying upon his bed of death, to his most kind friend, Mr. S —, at whose house he breathed his last, 'It is not painful to die: there is no pain in dying. I am ready to depart: I am going to sleep.'

'The Fear of Death.'

'THE dread of death, which an all-wise GOD has fixed so powerfully in the human mind, will, upon reflection, be seen to be a most necessary precaution to keep us in this state of being. Thousands of sermons, and most eloquent harangues have issued from the pulpit and the press, in which Death has been personified under the title of the KING OF TERRORS, The Last Enemy, The Great Conqueror, etc., etc. I never hear such personifications of a state of being, or a change of state, more properly, through which all nature passes, without feeling deeply that such exhibitions of death are erroneous, and highly improper and injurious in their tendency. Every where in nature we have the exhibition of natural death; and in all the objects which we term inanimate nature, we see this change always succeeded by a new life. The change of the seasons causing the death of the flowers, the fading and falling of the leaves of the forest, and the rich carpet of green with which the spring dressed the earth become dry and withered and dead in the autumn of the year. The parting day, with its deepening shadows, is a more frequent remembrancer of that state of darkness which must pass over us all. In these cases we are permitted to see the earth wake to new life with each rising sun; and the warm and genial breath of the spring brings back in renewed beauty the flowers, the grass of the earth, and the rich foliage of the forest. In animated nature, in all sentient beings in whom the ALMIGHTY has put the

breath of life, the case, so far as we can see, is different. When once the lamp of life is extinguished, when the golden bowl is broken, the lately animated form is prone and prostrate, never more to resume its erect posture, never more to be animated by that mysterious breath of God which so lately gave it vigor and beauty. As we view the prostrate body, ghastly and cold in death, well may we ask if those dry bones can live, if no returning spring will again revive the ashes of the urn? Were we left solely to our reason to decide this question, we could obtain no satisfactory answer; for though the fact of the returning day, and the reviving spring, might lead us to hope that God would not forsake or leave to annihilation the last and nobler part of his creation, yet the analogy would not establish the fact of a new life. We could obtain no demonstration on which we could safely rely. Were such our condition, we would have sufficient cause to dread the decrease of vigor, the infirmities of age, and the coming dissolution. But the ALMIGHTY has put a spirit in man: HE has given him understanding, and HE has spoken to him the words of life: and life and immortality have been brought to light by the Gospel. Revelation teaches us that the change which all must undergo, the separation of the soul from its clay tenement, is but the introduction to a higher state of being, when having put off this mortal, we must put on immortality. Our SAVIOUR plainly teaches us that this change is immediate; that we no sooner close our eyes in death, than they are opened to the realities of another state; and that not in a state of earthly weakness, but with all our faculties, and with organs for their use. We do *not* go to the cold and silent grave, of which so much has been sadly said and sung, and over which rivers of salt tears may have been shed, there to live in torpor for a thousand centuries, till the last trumpet shall wake our sleeping dust; but we go at once to the place prepared for us; we enter at once upon our new existence, and begin our work. As I write these lines for those who read the Scriptures, I shall quote but one passage, and that alone would be to me conclusive. Our LORD says to the dying thief on the cross, 'TO-DAY shalt thou be with me in Paradise.'

'Whatever terror death may have for the man who makes this world's pleasures his god, it should have none for the faithful follower of CHRIST:

"I would not live alway; no! welcome the tomb!
Since Jesus hath lain there, I dread not its gloom.'

'Those who have passed through the deep waters of affliction; who have endured great trials and severe suffering, have doubtless strongly felt that death would have been a most welcome deliverance from their sorrow. Who would wish to remain in this world of sin and trouble, when their friends and relatives were all gone: when, like the Wandering Jew, life would become a most weary burden? When the infirmities of age gather upon us; when we can no longer take pleasure in life; when the grasshopper becomes a burden, and desire shall fail, we would most willingly resign our spirit to the hands of God who gave it. If in that hour the Christian's hope animates us, we shall die triumphant, and those who stand by our bed of death will have no reason to mourn for us; but rather to say: 'Blessed are the dead who die in the LORD, for they rest from their labors, and their works do follow them.'

There spoke the true Christian. - - - The reader who 'laughs a furtive laugh' over the following, may not be aware that he has done the same thing heartily before, in the pages hereabout; but he (or she) *has*, however, and we apprehend that *some* of our friends, at least, will remember both

when and where. What says 'CIVIS,' of Alabama, for example, that true specimen of a MAN, and a GENTLE Man, whether in boots, or pumps, or in his Morning-Gown, aspirating the odor of a mild Havana? But 'are you ready for the question, gentlemen?' *Who Stole the Wine?* Ordure, gentlemen:

'THE impropriety of rashly suspecting the honesty of servants is remarkably illustrated by the following incident: For some time past a lady in this city has been annoyed by the disappearance of the contents of her wine-bottles, and had about made up her mind to consult with her son — a recent graduate of a theological college, and of course a very exemplary young man — upon the expediency of giving BETTY, the chambermaid, her walking-papers. The youthful clergyman, who rather fancied the girl, because she was buxom, protested against such a course. He had no idea that BETTY would do such a thing. 'I should as soon think of charging myself with it,' he added, as with a look of virtuous magnanimity he adjusted his tortoise-bowed eye-glass to his nose, and took up a Greek Testament. 'We should be careful, my dear mother,' he continued, (with the air and tone of TELEMAQUE'S MENTOR,) 'of the good name and reputation of our servants. But for an inscrutable PROVIDENCE, whose ways are mysterious and past finding out, we might be in the same menial position ourselves. These poor creatures, dependent upon us, are, in one sense at least, members of our family, and we are in some measure accountable for their happiness and well-being.' The nice young man crossed his legs as he said this, and reclining a little further back in the luxurious easy-chair, in which he sat facing his mother, tapped his knee with his eye-glass self-approvingly.

'It is a sentiment worthy of you, my dear AUGUSTUS,' rejoined the gratified parent, (a rather pursy lady, with a long nose that had a tendency to meet her chin,) 'but ——'

'Beside,' said he, interrupting her, the *onus probandi* — I mean, the burden of proof — rests upon *you*. *Laudibus arguitur vini vinosus*; has the girl ever alluded to the wine?'

'Not she, indeed, but nobody has access to it but ourselves and her. You never drink wine, nor do I, (except occasionally when I have that pain in my stomach,) but as sure as I uncork a bottle, it's all gone in a day or two! Now, there is that bottle there, quite empty now, but last evening almost full of the best sherry! Some your poor, dear father bought before he died, I think.'

'Likely,' said the graduate to himself, 'he could n't have bought it since, very well!'

'If it were cake, AUGUSTUS,' continued his progenitress, 'we might think it was the rats.'

'Lucky thought!' said her son to himself; for, if the truth must be told, he was the real depredator. '*Rats?*' he exclaimed; 'my dear mamma, that explains all! Your rat is *un cadet de haut appétit*, as our French professor used to say; and when he cannot find any thing else, he will take wine.'

'But how could the rats get at it? Beside, BETTY gave them some arsenic!' said his mother.

'*Magna est veritas et prevalebit!*' cried the divinity student, rising on the excitement of a gratifying discovery. 'Behold, my dear mother, what injustice you have done to your maid, and how slow we all ought to be to impute blame to our fellow-beings.'

'His mother gazed at him with astonishment.

'Mark, also, my dear madam,' he continued oracularly, (his spindle legs spread like a tripod, as he emphasized his words with his eye-glass, with one hand upon the fore-finger of the other,) 'how providential it was that I applied myself so closely to my studies at college, especially to the study of Natural History! Listen, now. *Indocti discant, et ament meminisse periti*, as we say in Latin. Arsenic, you say, has been placed in the pantry, from time to time, for the rats. Very well, what was the natural consequence? '*Grave virus munditias pepulit*,' the rat is disagreeably affected by his perilous repast, and though accustomed to *gnawing* sensations, cannot endure the intolerable thirst from which every body suffers more or less, when he eats arsenic. There was no water in the pantry, I presume?'

'Not a drop; not even milk,' replied his listener, all attention.

'I thought so,' said he; 'and nothing of a liquid nature, except wine. Here we find the key to the mystery. BETTY'S innocence is vindicated; the imbibor of the wine was a rat! *Fiat justitia, rat coelum*, as the poet says.'

'But — but —' said the good old lady, stammering, and a little incredulous, 'how under the sun, moon, and stars, could ——'

'I know what you would say, my dear Madam,' exclaimed the crafty rogue, interrupting her. 'You would say — using a very clever and comprehensive astronomical allusion — how under the sun, moon, and stars, (those heavenly bodies, which are over all the animal kingdom,) could a rat extract the cork from a bottle, and drink the contents?'

'That's what I should like to know, my son,' replied the lady, resuming her seat, but still regarding his astute countenance with deep interest; meanwhile flattering herself that he would some day make a great man, an eminent divine, and quite likely the president of a college.

'You had drawn the cork,' said he, 'and left it handy to take out again with your fingers, without the aid of the screw? Very well. You will admit that the rat could easily remove the cork; but how get at the wine? Now mark the sequel, and admire the instinct of that wonderful little animal! In many respects, instinct is fully equal to intellect. The instinct of animals is wonderful, Madam, truly wonderful! Your own early studies, and large subsequent reading and experience, have doubtless assured you of that fact. Professor AGASSIZ relates many marvellous illustrations of instinct even in the oyster; but rats, mother! ah! you ought to read CUVIER upon rats. And then that article recently on the same subject, in the *London Quarterly*! Why, they know as much as a man, and a good deal more than some old women! Strange as it may appear, they have been known to abstract the contents from bottles of syrup, cider, wine, etc.'

'By upsetting them, then,' protested the gentlewoman.

'Not at all,' rejoined the young sava: 'on the contrary, they do not lose a drop. The plan is a simple one, as you will admit when you come to think of it. They push the wine to a convenient place — say directly under the edge of a shelf, or near a box that's somewhat higher than the bottle, and thus get up to it. One of the rats then inserts his tail into the bottle, up to the hub, (or terminus of the spinal column,) and draws it carefully out again. The other is on hand, you may rest assured, to receive, instantaneously, the dripping end of this novel syphon into his mouth. When he has imbibed all that it carries, the caudal appendage is again inserted, and again withdrawn from the bottle, and the liquor which it bears with it, is disposed of in precisely the same manner as the first sample; and this process is repeated *ad infinitum*; each rat taking his turn, not exactly as cup-bearer, but as tail-bearer, for his partner in the business. This, my dear Madam, is an es-

tablished fact in Natural History,' added this highly-educated young man, observing his mother's eyes wide open with astonishment; 'but I do not wonder at your surprise. I should not believe it myself, but that it is well attested by such men as AGASSIZ and others, who make a science of every thing, from a rat up to a universe.'

'It is indeed wonderful!' cried the old lady, drawing a long breath.

'And entirely exculpates poor BETTY,' rejoined the triumphant vindicator of virtue in humble life. 'You ought to give her a new dress, mother.'

'I shall, at any rate, send her for a carpenter to stop up those rat-holes,' said his mamma. And here ends our anecdote.

'More Sparks and Cinders from the Grate-Blower.'

'An Irish Postscript: Mr. Turtle's 'Missile': Hanker on Fashionable Dress in Philadelphia: An unexpected Encounter: Turtle 'would be' a Shaker: the Fatal Barrier: Hanker 'caves' again: Grand Finale: Chorus of 'what rhymes with slaughter': And 'to be continued in our next.'

'In parenthesis: [Though I am not a 'MOLLY MAGUIRE,' I beg leave to commence these 'Sparks' by a *postscript*: Day before yesterday this MS. was signed, sealed, and ready to mail to friend CLARK. Yesterday was Sunday, and, with the packet lying still on my study-table, I was about half-way in a 'Figaro' segar and the 'Sabbath Transcript,' when WILLIAM, the sable Republican who obligingly attends to my private comforts, handed me a mammoth brown envelope, looking very like a Pub. Doc., and addressed to 'The Grate-Blower.' I glanced at the pot-hooks — exclaimed, 'Aha! *perspicuous* Turtle! thou hast caught me!' — opened the 'missile,' as a *distinguished lawyer* of our town (of whom 'more anon') invariably denominates a *missive*, and read as followeth: 'Brilliant youth, I am painfully embarrassed by your flattering consideration and courtesy. You *must* have meant *me*, and yet it makes me a very conceited person so to say.' (Modesty, you perceive, reader, is the least of my friend's merits.) 'Read Thessalonians, First: chapter Five. Most truly yours, etc., BEN JONSON.

'P.S.: How I *do* hate those *cussed* undertakers!'

'Who left this, WILLIAM?' I asked.

'Mr. TURKLE, Sir.'

'Any message? What did he say?'

'Nothing, Sir, except he asked me where you had gone to church.'

'Why did n't you tell him I was at home?'

'He would n't let me, Sir; he went down the steps three at a time, and when he got on the pavement he called back: 'Ah! Synagogue, I suppose!' and walked away.'

'Next to an undertaker, TURKLE dislikes an Israelite.

'This endeth the postscript.]

'For a man who has lived so much in European capitals, (Paris especially) HANKER is singularly ignorant upon the subject of the *beau-monde*, its fashions, social codes, and general distinguishing peculiarities. Why, the very next day after our meeting with TURKLE, as we walked down Chestnut-street together, he called my attention to several of our most fashionable ladies, and asked in a jockey-club sort of way: 'I say, MARC, do you know that party — eh?' (I may have

omitted to mention that my baptismal appellation is MARCUS AURELIUS, and my ancestral nomen PHYPPS.)

'Party! *Those*, my dear HANKER, are Mrs. SNOOD and Miss BODDLE, and *those three*, are the celebrated-for-wealth-and-splendid-ball-and-supper-and-opera-dresses, Mrs. RUFFLETON and her daughters. Party! Why, they are the leaders of our most exclusive *ton*.'

'No you don't, MARCUS, now!' cried my friend, with a quiver in his left eye; 'rowly-bowly, gammon, and spinnage,' and all that sort of thing, you know. VERDANT GREEN, Esquire, has n't 'just arrived,' that I've heard. Come, do n't try it on, will you! It's not serene, my boy, indeed it is n't!'

'Pon my soul, HANKER, I'm not! What I've told you is the fact, and those are the *crème de la crème* of our 'first circles.'

'What! you really mean to say that *ladies*-fashionable 'first-society, leaders of style, and all that, go through the streets dressed in *that* manner?'

'In what manner? It seems to me they are most splendidly dressed, on the contrary.'

'Exactly,' replied HANKER ironically; 'a leetle too splendid! Why, MARC, the toilettes of those ladies are a perfect counterpart of those that 'nightly shine' on the boards of the *Theatre des Varieties*, *L'Odeon*, *Palais Royale*, etc., and at the '*petits souper*' of the '*Dentimonde*,' that young DUMAS so wittily presides over in his plays. 'Pon honor! I thought they were ——'

'There's TURKLE over the way,' cried I interrupting HANKER, with a smile of pity for his conceited ignorance of *our* fashionable world, 'and, by the shade of PENN! he's actually escorting a pair of Shakeresses.'

'So he is! and O gemini! he's carrying their basket-ful of knit what's-'is-names, no doubt. What a jolly lark he's having; won't he tell us something rich the next time he ——'

'Hush! let's cross and endeavor to hear a word or two of what he's entertaining the Lebanonites with.'

'SARAH, did thee ever go to the theatre?' were the first words we overheard, spoken with inimitable gravity and *aplomb*.

'No, JAMES; why does thee ask?'

'Because there is a very funny fellow here now, called MATHEWS, at the Academy, and I would like to have thee go. I want to see thee laugh right out.'

'Ah! JAMES, I can laugh without thy MATHEWS and thy Academy, as thee calls it, though I always thought an Academy was the world's name for a school. Why does thee call it Academy?'

'But 'JAMES,' without appearing to hear the question, turned to the other 'sister,' who was a pretty young woman of twenty-two or three, and in a persuasive voice said: 'Now, tell me truly, HESTER, does thee not sometimes wish thee was married? Does thee not often dream of having dear little children of thy own to kiss and love and bring up in the right path? And does thee not sometimes steal a glance from the corner of thy eye after some fine comely young fellow that passes thee by?'

'No, indeed, JAMES,' replied the young woman, with a faint blush which near denied her truth we thought; 'no, indeed, I don't! I have learnt to let well-enough alone, and I am quite contented with our ways at Lebanon. The world is too wicked to make me wish to return to it.'

'Ah!' exclaimed TURKLE fervently, 'I wish I dared join your peaceful community! I should love to be a Shaker!'

'I wish thee would! I wish thee would!' cried both women at once.

'Why won't thee?' added the elder.

'Alas! SARAH!' murmured Mr. TURKLE, 'there is an insurmountable obstacle!'

'What is it? Perchance we may aid thee to overcome it.'

'No!' replied 'JAMES' sorrowfully, 'it can never be overcome! The fact is, SARAH, *I cannot endure dancing — it always gives me a vertigo — always!*'

'We could n't wait to hear any more; we should have exploded. So taking advantage of the Washington House verandah, we rushed in, subsided into chairs, and laughed till 'nature could endure no more,' and we were obliged to brace our shattered nerves with two (or more) ounces of *unct. vini. galli*. in a half-tumbler of *aqua glacialis*.'

'Stop in ag'in sometime.' - - - We have spoken, in another department of this Magazine, of the laudable enterprise of Messrs. STRINGER AND TOWNSEND, in issuing works of sterling value in themselves, and with the best accessories externally. The following, from the '*New-York Leader*' weekly literary and news-journal, records another of their achievements, hastening to completion, which bids fair to eclipse even their previous efforts. We saw two of Mr. DARLEY's illustrations, and have no hesitation whatever to say, that in our judgment, with all the facility of his pencil, and the acknowledged genius of his conceptions, he has never exceeded them: and this, let us add, is the expressed judgment of many of the very first of his contemporary artists in this metropolis who have seen them:

'MESSRS. STRINGER AND TOWNSEND, of this city, the fortunate holders of the copyrights of our great national novelist, COOPER, have in preparation a new edition of the novels, which will mark an era in the history of American publishing. The whole series will be issued in thirty-two volumes, one to be published on the first of each month, beginning in the coming spring, in crown octavo form; and as a special novelty, never employed on any series of works heretofore issued in this country, the works will be printed, in the clearest type, on beautiful cream-colored calendered paper of a substantial texture. These are excellent qualities, the size selected is both ornamental and convenient, and the type and paper will be just such as to please the eye; but the crowning merit of this great national and household edition of COOPER will be, that it is to be illustrated by a congenial artist, Mr. DARLEY, of whom recent European criticism pronounces in one case that 'some of his plates exhibit a boldness and refinement worthy of Retsch himself,' and in another expresses a hope, specifically, that he will 'carry on his national illustrations, and give us some of COOPER's Indian Camps.' 'Once on the war-trail,' says the *London Athenæum*, 'once smeared with red war-paint, once hear a tomahawk whistle, or HELLHACK's bullet fly after a buffalo, we shall enter a new region of art, as dramatic, picturesque, and vivid, as any artist-lover has had the pleasure of first attempting.' With Mr. DARLEY, the novels of COOPER have been for several years a subject of study, with a view of the manifold riches of illustration which they afford. He has not confined himself merely to the Indian or Land Romances, but has roved with the novelist over the whole field of his creations; and from the sketches which we have had the pleasure to examine, we note that he has returned with the finest specimens of illustrative talent, in their kind, which the country has produced. He has developed a gift for dramatic, nautical, and, so to speak, narrative drawing, which will astonish his warmest admirers. That no point may be lost, the publishers have engaged in the engravings, ALFRED JONES, the SMILLIES, and others of high and established repute; and we are assured that these, as well as all parties engaged, have entered upon a friendly rivalry in their respective departments, in the hope and ambition that each may excel the other in perfecting the work. Of the illustrations, which are to be in vignette style, in line and etching, and of a cost and quality corresponding to the best foreign works, rivalling such as ROGERS' '*Italy*,' there will be two in each number. And it will surprise the public to be informed that the price of each of these costly and beautiful volumes will be no more than one dollar and fifty cents.

'The undertaking, as we have thus briefly set forth, scarcely needs to be commended to the public. By its boldness, its character, the happy selection of a standard Ameri-

can classic like COOPER, our first novelist, so admirably suited by his picturesque style and vigor of delineation, for artistic embellishments, with DARLEY, first also in his class, in the designs, and ALFRED JONES, another leader, in the engravings, and all put forth in completeness of mechanical execution at the most popular and moderate price, we think that Messrs. STRINGER AND TOWNSEND may be allowed to wear the feather, in the announcements for the coming season, and be acknowledged to be engaged in an enterprise which must not only prove eminently profitable to themselves, but also highly honorable to the literature and art of the country.'

'PETER PROTEUS' is getting saucy and spiteful again, as the reader will perceive from the short '*Chapter on Humbugs*,' which ensues :

'THE great American lexicographer says that Humbug is a low word. I wish he had supplied a better ! There are a number of much lower words in his dictionary, about which he makes no such remarks. A Humbug, as I understand him, is neither a cheat, a sham, a quack, an impostor, a pretender, a deceiver, nor a deluder ; but all combined. He blows his own trumpet, he sounds his own praises. When a man, by means of his own pen, makes himself notorious through the public prints ; when you find his name circulating frequently in these prints ; when you see, in an occasional paragraph, that he is becoming celebrated for some particular quality or virtue which you know he does not possess, then, then it is that one's indignation rises, and he feels that he ought to expose the cheat. But it strikes you, upon second thoughts, that any attempt of that kind will be of no use, for the world will not cease to believe what it has accustomed itself to regard as an undeniable and most wonderful fact. And this is just the point : a humbug is not a *fact*.

'Humbugs may be divided into a variety of classes ; but I shall only treat of three or four of these.

'The Humbug of general science, or the Scientific Humbug, is by no means a rare creature. It is an easy matter to obtain distinction in this line. Paying a trifling subscription to, and becoming a member of, those scientific societies, the proceedings of whose meetings are published, and saying something (it is of little consequence what) at every meeting, establishes the reputation of the humbug. Not deservedly a humbug, but as a scientific man. Next, if he read a paper on any subject, (if stolen, so much the better,) his friends will begin to talk of sending him abroad to attend some conference, or collect information. A lecture, to speak commercially, is great capital for the Scientific Humbug ; especially lectures upon the sun, moon, and stars. These are readily thrown together, as every thing has been written on the subject that can be, for the present, at all events. And when the lecturer says anything, he says what others have said before him. He is not only excused, but commended for this, by his admiring audience — most of whom are of the gentler sex — for they have heard (in fact, the lecturer himself always admits it) that there is nothing more to be said. The winds and currents of the oceans, these mighty wastes of water themselves, the saltiness of the sea, its depth, all open a fine field for hypothesis. Meteorology is a good topic, for that can be easily understood and investigated, and affords an opportunity to overwhelm the gaping public with statistics. By starting some theory, too, (the more improbable the better,) great advancement may be made toward attaining scientific celebrity. If it should so turn out, subsequently, that facts disprove the theory, all the humbug has to do to become still more distinguished, is to exclaim with the French philosopher : 'So much the worse for the *facts* !' The publication of a work — particularly if the Scientific Humbug be in any way connected with the government, and he can prevail on Congress to do this — the publication of a work, I say, insures his

being known, and perhaps invited abroad, there receiving not only honorary membership of various societies, but a medal from a sovereign. Think of that! Now all this is a very easy game to play; and it is done, too, to some extent.

'It not unfrequently happens that a man, by study, has obtained a thorough knowledge of one of the sciences; but he is not content with that, and in an endeavor to be thought (mind, not actually to be) a proficient in all, becomes as great a humbug as he who does not justly possess any pretensions whatever, but would have the world believe far otherwise. PLUTARCH truly says: 'It is no disgrace not to be able to do every thing; but to undertake or pretend to do what you are not made for, is not only shameful, but extremely troublesome and vexatious.'

'The Humbug of Adventure is very common. He either, like the man described by JOHNSON in the *Rambler*, makes adventures out of the ordinary daily occurrences of travel, or, like MUNCHAUSEN, lays his friends under deeper obligations to his imagination than to the incidents of his life, for the interest they feel in 'the dangers he has passed.' From the frozen regions of the North to the Equator, and thence to where WILKES' Antarctic Continent is not, and never was, every foot of ground, and bucket of water, is familiar to the humbug of the MUNCHAUSEN school. Now we find him at the bottom of a crater of an active volcano, where he loses by heat and fire nothing but the soles of his boots; and now, that while travelling in Europe, he meets with a severe accident, from which he narrowly escapes death, but which same accident we are assured, upon inquiry, was the scratch of a cat, or something of that sort; and that our humbug apprehended lock-jaw therefrom. Again, we hear that he received a number of wounds — all supposed to have been mortal, of course — during the Mexican war, or in innumerable Indian fights, when we know that he was never in a fight of any kind in his life; and yet, again, that he narrowly escaped death by yellow-fever at a place he left (and to which he has never returned to this day) a year before that dreadful epidemic ever visited it. He has the temerity to pass within the walls of a city in China, and is fortunate enough to escape — though narrowly — being torn to pieces by an infuriate rabble. He is thus preserved, according to newspaper paragraphs, written either by himself or his friends, for some great event.

'Humbugs in politics are so numerous that it would hardly appear necessary to describe them here. And were it not that I am reluctantly compelled to believe that some of my readers belong to the unfortunate class of the 'humbugged,' I would not mention them. The Political Humbug has no difficult task to perform. He has only to take a turn, like a weather-cock, every time the wind of public opinion shifts from one quarter to another. Now he leans toward Native-Americanism; anon, there is nothing so delights and moves him as that rich Irish brogue, or German accent. And if he had had a vote as to his birth, he would certainly have cast it in favor of first seeing the light either in green Erin, or else in the land of Goethe. He is Maine-law or Anti-Maine-law, Abolitionist or Anti-abolitionist, Hard or Soft, Know-Nothing or Republican, as he finds most to his own interest. No such ridiculous motto as 'Principles, not men,' governs him! He goes for principles and votes, and is not very particular as to what those principles are, nor how those votes are obtained. As to his services to his country, he refers you to history for them, that is, the newspaper he writes for.

'Army and Navy Humbugs are but little known out of their respective services, and their effect upon society is inconsiderable. A report of some unimportant event to the Secretary of War or the Navy, printed by order of Congress, is all that we ever hear of them, except from themselves directly. The number of self-

created heroes is astonishing. But alas! they are heroes of—no, not of a day—but of the time it takes them to tell their stories.

'The Legal Humbug! what shall I say of him? Why, nothing, except that his profession is a justification for his conduct. The Clerical Humbug, the Moral Humbug, and the Philanthropic Humbug, it is not my intention to more than refer to. These cannot be easily mistaken; for hypocrisy is the sure cynosure by which to detect them. It is possible for a Clerical Humbug to be an exception to this; because he may have been made one by the folly of a fashionable congregation, or the admiration of a few young ladies—and old ones too, perhaps! His voice is 'sweet,' his sermons are 'gems,' his hair 'elegant,' and his gestures 'beautiful.' And what a mouth he has, and nose, and eyes!

"Who flatters is of all mankind the lowest,
Save he who courts the flattery."

Is n't that slightly sharp, and biting? - - - It has not unfrequently given us pleasure to speak in terms of well-earned praise of '*The Southern Literary Messenger*,' one among the oldest of our monthly contemporaries in the Union, conducted with care and signal ability, by JOHN R. THOMPSON, Esq., a young gentleman of rare and pleasing literary and personal accomplishments. '*The Messenger*' has for some months been aided in its laudable endeavors to bring forward and elevate Southern literature, by a very handsomely-executed monthly publication, entitled '*Russell's Magazine*,' published at Charleston, South Carolina. Its papers, thus far, certainly reflect great credit upon both Southern prose writers and Southern bards. We take from the EDITORS' department of their last number, the following very expressive and thoughtful lines:

'SOMEWHERE on this earthly planet,
In the dust of flowers to be,
In the dew-drop, in the sun-shine,
Sleeps a solemn day for me.

'At this wakeful hour of mid-night,
I behold it dawn in mist;
And I hear a sound of sobbing
Through the darkness—hist! oh! hist!

'In a dim and murky chamber,
I am breathing life away;
Some one draws a curtain softly,
And I watch the broadening day:

'As it purples in the zenith,
As it brightens on the lawn,
There's a hush of DEATH about me,
And a whisper: 'He is gone!'

Very solemn—very beautiful. - - - WE cannot but indulge the hope that the subjoined may reach Utah, and the Mormon camp, before a 'collusion' occurs between our pyrolygneous friends and the jaded troops of our common uncle, SAMUEL, now on their toilsome march to Mormondom. Yea, let us trust that it will penetrate the far-famed precincts of the palace of polygamous Bro. BRIGHAM YOUNG, (who, with Bro. HEBER KIMBALL,

takes, pays for, and reads the KNICKERBOCKER,) and carry conviction, like the roaring of a rushing cataract, to his mind. If *this* call ('*On Polygamy*,' from a Broome-County journal) does n't 'fetch' conviction, all the salt in Salt Lake won't save those incestuous and pe-i-ous 'embegs of the lawge bleue ke-yind' from being regarded by many persons ('not to put too strong a point upon it') as in some degree faulty :

'Or all the tyrannies that afflict and brutalize mankind, tyranny in religion is the worst; all other species of tyranny are limited to the world we live in; but there is one which attempts a stride beyond the grave, and seeks to pursue us into eternity: it is there and not here, it is to God and not man, it is to a heavenly and not an earthly tribunal that we are to account for our belief in, and cooperation for, that system for whose origination and establishment my grandfather's neighbor, having bid a last adieu to the consorts of his early life, and kissed affectionately the velveted soil of my own sister state, with aching anxiety, from an alien clime, directed with whispering accents, his meandering steps, to spill with an only brother, his last drop of blood, in the jail at Carthage; a system whose intrinsic adaptation to the palmary auxiliaries to eupathy and governmental harmony is as baneful as its potency is marvellous; vomiting forth its mephitical secretions like the upas-tree, it wafts its breezes of misery and desolation over continents and laughs to telegraph man's lethality to the chronicles of eternity; a system through whose adoption that mother as she gasps for her last breath in supplication, to reconcile her life with her conscience, now sits in the cycles of eternity, sifting out an account for deliverance at the tribunal of her God. A system, the venality of whose orders, whose compromise with conscience, whose depredations on virtue, whose inroads on reason, whose havoc on constitutions, whose vegetations in incurable apathy, and whose records of sympathy with lasciviousness, persecution, and tyranny, no pen can describe, or limner transfer. A system whose seeds were sown in twenty-three, generated in twenty-five, and fructified in forty, now skyward waves the cloudy flag of polygamy o'er the western range of majestic sceneries, and wipes its mouldering stains on the virgin shores of the Pacific. A system whose bellowing cannons once thundered their deafening yells across the Atlantic, to be saturated with cartridges rolled up with that immortal parchment, the constitution of our country. If, then, we believe falsely and dishonorably of that system, and that belief is forced upon us, as far as force can operate, by human laws and human tribunals, on whom, we ask, is the criminality of that belief to fall? — on those who impose it, or on those on whom it is imposed? If we attempt to collate the smoothness of our sociality with the austerity of their engrossments, the latitude of our liberality with the morbidity of their superstitions, the placidity of our temper with their bickering peevishness, the rationality of our deliberations with their rhapsodies of nonsense, and our fidelity to the constitution with their anathemas against its policy, we behold a race who once sunned in the cloudless skies of youthful verdure, and carved virginity's emblems on the lawns of domestic sceneries — now busy in the negotiations of pleasure, while recreant of that criminality — now swimming in the depravities of luxurious dissipation, jill finally transmuted by those magic crucibles from the charnel-dens of corruption, they exclaim: 'Vain, wretched man! in what dark paths of strife we walk this little tourney of our life?' Soon may the glorious consummation come, dispel the gloom that shrouds polygamists' home. To our poor wives the balm of hope impart. Bid them rejoice, and heal their broken hearts. Pile on the failing fire the needed wood, and feed our babes with necessary food. But let us not too severely censure them for a weakness for which their physical temperaments are alone to blame; without imparting our grief for the slaughtered, whose boiling blood reddened that majestic river through whose current the nervous Missourian steered his course; without imparting our grief for their deprivations of justice and trials by jury; without imparting our grief for the innocent, who for safety dragged their aching bones from that Mormon Metropolis to be bleached on the tombless sands of an American basin.'

WEBSTER'S 'Unabridged Dictionary' will impart to any diligent and faithful student a 'realizing sense' of the foregoing. In the mean time we have no hesitation to say, and we say it boldly, if Pyrolygnominy is to ride rough-shod over our female contemporaries — if they are to be laid waste with the besom of *multo-connubialis* — what is left of our bill of rights? Where are the sacred 'Principles of Ninety-Eight,' established by the Hartford Convention, under the Charter-Oak, and ratified by HENRY CLAY, as Secretary, in the spring of the same year that General ANDREW JACKSON

established the Feudal System, which entailed upon Great Britain their immense National Debt, which Mr. ABBOTT, in his History of NAPOLEON BONA-PARTE states to have reached the amount (and this was three years ago, with interest and funded coupons in consols, less the exchange, all the while running on) of more than NINE THOUSAND DOLLARS? Such is Pyrolygnominy! In the meanwhile, where are the virtues and connubialities thus buried as it were in a napkin? Who would not exclaim with BYRON, in his 'TUPPER's Proverbial Tricolosophy:'

'WHERE is CUPID's crimson motion?
Billowy ecstasy of wo!
Bear me safe, meandering ocean,
Where the stagnant torrents flow!'

Answer us *that!* - - - AN elaborate paper in the '*Princeton Review*' for October, edited by the learned CHARLES HODGE, D.D., fully confirms, in one portion of it, the views in relation to language set forth in the able work of Mr. ELEAZER LORD, noticed in the review-department of our last number. The writer (evidently Dr. HODGE) says: 'We can understand how a man can regard the BIBLE as a mere human composition; we can understand how he can regard inspiration as a mere elevation of the religious consciousness; but how any one can hold that the sacred writers were inspired as to their *thoughts*, but not as to their *language*, is to us perfectly incomprehensible. The denial of *verbal* inspiration is in our view the denial of *all* inspiration, in the scriptural sense of the doctrine. No man can have a *wordless thought*, any more than there can be a *formless flower*. By a law of our present constitution, we *think in words*, and as far as our consciousness goes, it is as impossible to infuse thoughts into the mind without words, as it is to bring men into the world without bodies.' '*Popular Education*' is a somewhat worn-out and not altogether an attractive theme; but we wish these truths, as set forth by the '*Review*,' were more widely felt, and more generally acted upon:

'It is strange that men should ever have overlooked, that children are not mere *memories*, with material attachments to be whipped; nor native logicians, with capacities for reasoning without any *data*; but that they are human beings, with souls of the average breadth, comprehending the faculties of memory, reason, sensation, and emotion, which in order to be rightly educated must be educated all together; that they are also moral, as well as intellectual beings; and that they have bodies, upon the health of which the progress of the whole to a great degree depends. We also recognize the propriety of treating children *as* children, with instructions and methods suited to their age. It is as important that the child should be *a child*, and be *educated* as a child, as that the education of youth should be *manly*. Childhood is an important part of human existence, which it is not well for maturer life to have missed. To be treated as a man in one's childhood has a painfully hardening effect upon later years. The child should be respected, but treated as a child; his soul filled with the love and gentleness and beautiful simplicity which belong to his age. Our methods of instruction ought not to be such as to harden or deface those lovely features; but rather to develop them in truth and symmetry toward their own proper maturity, whereby they merge into those of youth.'

Truth, every word of it, and as forcibly expressed as it is veritable. Another able article in the present number of the '*Review*' is one entitled '*The Argument from Prophecy for Christianity*.' The following passage is striking:

'Look at God's promise to his Church, ages on ages ago: '*The nation and kingdom*

that will not serve Thee shall perish, yea, those nations shall be utterly wasted.' Trace the march of that Church in the light of that promise, or rather prediction, as she comes in contact with the successive mighty empires of the East and the West: the Egyptian, the Assyrian, the Babylonian, the Medo-Persian, the Alexandrian, the Roman. . . . Look at the space covered by these fulfilled predictions: Egypt, Assyria, Babylon, the empire of CYRUS, and of ALEXANDER and Rome, Judea and its peculiar people, with all their strange, deathless history, and all the lands and people bordering upon that land; and since the coming of the SON of GOD, the Church in all lands. Take these from the map of the world, and what would be left? Take these from human history, and what would history be? It is most manifest that the central current of human history has flowed over these lands, and through these channels of national life. Then the broad, stupendous fact is, that all these vast affairs have been moulded and controlled by the spirit and power of prophecy. In the path of that prophecy lie the graves of these greatest of earthly powers and dominions, speaking in eloquent death and ruin to all coming generations. It is the march of GOD through the ages we see thus opened before our eyes, and the graves of nations and the tombs of cities are the luminous steps of His course and His judgments, where the light of His presence still lingers. What is a man, a city, a nation, in the presence of such a GOD, and in the way of His purposes?

There are doctrinal papers in the '*Princeton*' which we little affect, and somewhat, it is clear, of bigotry of polemical opinion: nevertheless, it is an able and 'informing' work. - - - WHAT a difference there is between what is real, and felt, and that which is unreal, and *not* felt! Read the subjoined. It came to us on a little scrap of paper, in the same express parcel that brought to us three elaborate half-rhythmical platitudes, sealed with a delicate sufficiency of nicest wax, and the most carefully-attenuated 'hand-of-write.' But we display not sealing-wax — nor can we reproduce fac-similes of the sick families of poets, the multitude whereof no man can number:

*Thirty-Five.

I.

'O WEARY heart, thou art half-way home!
We stand on life's meridian height —
As far from childhood's morning come
As to the grave's forgetful night.

II.

'Give Youth and Hope a parting tear,
Let Reason take the guidance now;
Hope promised but to bring us here,
Where the bloom's fled from off the brow.

III.

'One backward look: O childhood's home!
One lingering gaze! — the last, the last!
Thus far to death too quick I've come:
One silent tear, for youth is past.

IV.

'Who comes with Hope and Passion back?
Who comes with me and Memory on?
Oh! lonely looks the downward track!
Joy's music hushed: Hope's roses gone!

V.

'To Pleasure and her giddy troop,
Farewell, without a sigh or tear!
But heart gives way and spirits droop
To think that love may leave us here.

VI.

'But stay, as 't were a twilight star
That sends its light across the wave,
I see a brightening light from 'far
Steals down a path beyond the grave:

VII.

'And now, bless God, its golden line
Comes o'er and lights my shadowy way,
And shows a dear hand clasped in mine:
'T will guide me to a happier day.

N. B. VINETARD.

Marengo, (Iowa.)

Such a description as the following, from a late London journal, affords one a better personal idea of Baron MACAULAY, than all the *inferential* pictures of him derived from his writings, could give in a twelvemonth:

'THERE is a common pedestrian of London streets, well known to all who are acquainted with their notabilities. He is a short, stout, sturdy, energetic man. He has a big round face, and large, staring, and very bright hazel eyes. His hair is cut short, and his hat flung back on the crown of his head. His gait is firm and decided, with a little touch of pomposity.

'He is ever provided with an umbrella, which he swings and flourishes, and batters on the pavement with mighty thumps. He seems generally absorbed in exciting and impulsive thoughts, the traces of which he takes no pains to conceal. His face works, his lips move and mutter, his eyes gleam and flash. Squat as is his figure, and not particularly fine the features, there is an unmistakable air of mental power and energy, approaching to grandeur, about the man. He is evidently under the influence of the strong excitement of fiery thought. People gaze curiously at him, and stop and stare when he has passed. But he heeds no one; seems, indeed, to have utterly forgotten that he is not alone in his privacy, and pushes on, unwittingly of the many who stare and smile, and look with curiosity and regard upon THOMAS BABINGTON MACAULAY.

'Occasionally, however, the historian and the poet gives still freer vent to the mental impulses which appear to be continually working within him. A friend of mine lately recognized him dining in the coffee-room of the Trafalgar Hotel, at Greenwich—a fashionable white-bait house, which, it appears, he frequently patronizes. He was alone, as he generally is, and the attention of more than one of the company was attracted, by his peculiar mutterings and fidgetiveness, and by the mute gestures with which he ever and anon illustrated his mental dreaming. All at once—it must have been toward the climax of the verse or prose which he was working up in his mind—Mr. MACAULAY seized a massive decanter, held it a moment suspended in the air, and then dashed it down upon the table with such a hearty good will, that the solid crystal flew in fragments, while the numerous parties dining round instinctively started up and stared at the curious iconoclast. Not a whit put out, however, Mr. MACAULAY, who was well known to the waiters, called loudly for his bill to be made out at the bar, and then pulling, with a couple of jerks, his hat and umbrella from the stand, clapped the one carelessly on his head, and strode out flourishing the other.'

We call this exceedingly graphic. - - - THERE has never been in America a finer or more superb collection of *Splendid and Valuable Gift-Books*, than the Messrs. APPLETON present to their friends and customers the present season. One's eyes are literally *oppressed* with the gorgeousness thereof. Do but glance at the *names*, simply, of only a few of them, and remember that you are to *imagine* the beauty of the engravings, and the splendor of the bindings:

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VERY beautiful, very tender, is the following. It proceeds from the heart and the pen of one whose pencil has made him a fame that only his pen can transcend :

‘The Watchers.

I.

‘THROUGH the long night the winds are wailing;
Dark clouds above the earth are trailing;
Tears from the skies are falling fast,
And sighs are borne on every blast,
For the winds of the night are wailing.

II.

‘In a lone cot sit watchers weeping;
Near Ida's couch their vigils keeping;
Tears from their eyes are falling fast:
The rose lies crushed — its fragrance past,
And watchers, the watchers sit weeping.

III.

‘Cease, watchers! cease those tears from streaming:
Bright on that soul the sun is beaming;
Stay not her joy with parting moan:
Loved ones are there — God calls her home:
Cease, then, oh! cease, those tears from streaming.

IV.

‘The storm-clouds break, the morning beameth:
Calmly she rests as one who dreameth;
She heeds not now their tears and sighs —
Angels have borne her to the skies:
In peace she sleeps till morning beameth.

J. w. w.’

Is not that very fine? - - - 'T is Winter, and the rain rains cold, and frost and snow are on every hill. Now is the time for STOVES: and with literally *burning* gratitude, we call our readers' attention to COX, RICHARDSON AND BOYNTON'S STOVES, at Number 374 Broadway, not far from our office. 'There is no use talking:' for there is nothing like them. One of our near neighbors is in love with one of their ranges: 'never saw any thing to compare with it,' and praises it as a 'good and faithful servant'

every day. And as for our 'RUBY,' with its open grate, like a fire-place, its cheerful aspect, its heat, which makes the icy windows shed tears in five minutes after the coal is ignited, we should like to see the man that could buy it from us! - - - Our old and favorite correspondent, 'BEVERLEY,' sends us an amusing sketch, which we shall entitle '*Waiting Reduced to a Science, or Negro Eloquence at Long-Branch: with two Specimens.*' Of these specimens, it is not difficult to see, that the first is more 'colored' (by somebody else) in its style, while the second is 'negro all over:'

'It was an Athenian philosopher who said, that 'true eloquence was a gift from the gods; and it was an error to suppose that the exercise of such an heavenly endowment was confined to the Forum, or the Rostrum, as it often manifested itself in the affairs of every day life.' We were forcibly struck with the truth of this dictum of the Grecian sophist, while sojourning this summer for a short space at the Metropolitan Hotel, Long-Branch. The head-waiter at that establishment is one of those rare gifts vouchsafed to mankind that come at long intervals, and whose return marks the century. The rarest plants are those that take a century to bloom; and it has taken many revolving years to produce this 'rara avis in terris,' who may in truth be said to be

' 'Nigro similimoque cygno.'

'Nature never produces any one who is to act a notable part in life, but she gives some warning of her intention. Thus ASTYAGES, grand-father of the great CYRUS, dreamt that his daughter was brought to bed of a vine that overran all Asia: and HECUBA, mother of Paris, dreamt that she gave birth to a firebrand: so the mother of our hero, on one of the plantations in old Virginny, dreamt that she gave birth to a huge *waiter*, larger than all other waiters, and which, in the elegance of its finish and the lustre of its Japan work, eclipsed all the waiters that were ever manufactured. This, although she knew it not, was typical of the greatness of the infant, to whom she shortly after gave birth, in that department which he now adorns, and which he has elevated to an art.

'As a child, the bent of his genius early manifested itself. Like 'DIGGORY,' in his greenest youth, 'whenever any eating was going on, he liked to have a hand in it;' but unlike DIGGORY, it was not for the gratification of the inner man, but to make himself practically useful about a table. That famed cup-bearer of the gods, the Phrygian GANYMEDE, betrayed not half the grace in waiting upon celestial tables in high Olympus, as was manifested by our young darkey at the table of his master. And had the heathen gods a being then, a local habitation and a name, our American eagle would have repeated the rape of GANYMEDE. He soon became the favorite domestic servant of his master; but feeling the struggles within him of genius, soon discovered that a private house on an obscure plantation at the South, was 'too pent-up an Utica' to 'contain his powers.' He felt that he had that within him, which could only expand and perfect beneath the stimulating airs of freedom, that lend such enchantment to our Northern homes.

'Our hero therefore fled to the North, where he has since, through the smiles of fortune, put fugitive-slave laws at defiance, by the purchase of his freedom; and where he has risen rapidly by reason of his brilliant genius and invincible energy, until he has touched the highest point of his ambition, in the position of head-waiter of the Metropolitan Hotel, Long-Branch. There we found him last summer with

the port and pride of a CORIOLANUS; and in view of the difficulties he had surmounted and the envious spirits he had discomfited, ready to exclaim with that hero:

“‘LIKE an eagle in a dove-cote,
I fluttered your Volscies in Corioli:
Alone I did it.’

By his wonderful powers as a tactician and disciplinarian, he had brought in his department, order out of Chaos. The graceful port, measured tread, rapid evolutions, and the serene and cleanly air of the waiters of the Metropolitan were the fruits of his genius.

‘On the day in question, a day to be remembered and ‘marked with a white stone,’ the waiters from a neighboring hotel, who had heard of his fame, and longed to witness for themselves the truth of what they heard, assembled at the dining-hall of the ‘Metropolitan,’ under the leadership of their head-waiter, Mr. GWIN.

‘It was indeed a proud hour for our hero. Every thing had been arranged most tastefully for the reception. Small flags, intertwined, decorated the hall; mottoes, emblematic of the occasion, were eloquent with meaning; while the waiters of the Metropolitan, each in snow-white apron, and with front erect, awaited the stroke of the signal bell from their leader to commence operations. But our hero — how shall we describe him? Faultless in costume, with gloves irreproachable in their whiteness, and an embracing fit, that JOUVIN would have envied; while a blue and white rosette, of most formidable dimensions, adorned his swelling breast; he stood there in the pomp and pride of his position, an ANTINOUS in the faultless symmetry of his form, an APOLLO in the gracefulness of his carriage. At a tap from his bell, marching and countermarching commenced. Block-tin covers were brandished in air like the flashing shields of some Roman cohort, and descended with a regularity of movement that resembled the motion of a single arm. Huge piles of plates were borne onward, and descended singly upon the table with the graceful flutter of a bird; knives, forks, and spoons followed ‘in harmonious order moving,’ until, by flank and file movement, every inch of ground had been gone over; and returning to the place whence he had started, each waiter stood motionless at his post, looking as rigid as the solitary sentinel of the Horse-guards opposite White Hall. The force of discipline could no farther go. Murmurs of applause, restrained somewhat before by the rapt attention and admiration elicited by the admirable drill, now swelled into loud acclaim.

‘Quiet being at last restored, our hero stepped forward, and turning to his guests with the composed and finished air of the accomplished orator, thus spoke, and without a trace of the negro accent:

‘*Mr. Gwin and Waiters of the United States:*

‘This is most certainly an auspicious occasion; auspicious, inasmuch as it gives to us of the ‘Metropolitan’ an opportunity of returning to you the hospitalities extended so gracefully to myself and subordinates, a few days ago, at the ‘United States:’ and doubly auspicious, inasmuch as it has afforded us an opportunity to exhibit to you the great reach in discipline attained by the men under my command. It gives me pride to say, Mr. GWIN, that this exhibition has in all things equalled my most sanguine expectations, and that my men have in every thing justified the labor I have bestowed on them. I also take great pride in saying that, boy and man, I have labored in *the great responsibilities of this, my calling*, cheered onward by the hope that the day would come when I could say that it was elevated to the rank of a science. The time has been when waiting was considered an ignoble pursuit. I have felt this stigma, and it has been the labor of my life to remove it. To-day is witness of the great accomplish-

ment. I think I have shown this day that *waiting deserves to take its place as a science, a fine art*. Such a manifestation as you have witnessed this morning must have convinced every unprejudiced mind that genius and mental power are necessary to form and fashion the waiter. This science is not to be learned in an hour or a day. Rome was not built in a day; nor can the science of waiting be mastered in any short space. Like every other accomplishment, it only rewards with success those who have genius to develop its hidden beauties.

"Great mental toil, and never-flagging perseverance, have been called into action, in bringing me to my present exalted position; and that same mental toil and perseverance, although, of course, exerted in a lesser degree, has enabled my pupil, there, (pointing to his second waiter,) to stand in the proud position he occupies this day. Boy and man, he has been under my eye for years, and I am proud to say, has ever justified my confidence, and now rewards the labor I have bestowed upon him; and every waiter in this room can learn, by his example, what may be attained by industry and perseverance. I want, to-day, Mr. GWIN, to inaugurate, if it be possible, a new era at Long-Branch: the era of good feeling among the waiters at the different establishments along this shore, '*where the trampling surf is heard on the hard sea-sand*,' as one of our own poets has said. Those intertwining flags you see at the head of this hall, are emblematic of the union this day of the waiters of the 'United States' and 'Metropolitan;' and who can tell what great things may be accomplished in the future by these unions?"

"A great man, Sir; perhaps the greatest that ever lived, GEORGE WASHINGTON, once passed under an arch at Trenton, raised by fair hands: and it is our intention, before the conclusion of this exhibition, that you and your subordinates shall pass beneath the arch of friendship, to be formed by the clasped hands and sinewy arms of the waiters of the 'Metropolitan;' and this shall be, to you and yours, an evidence of the loving feeling felt by us for you. Beneath the protecting shadows of this arch of friendship, you will soon be invited to pass."

'At the close of this eloquent speech, Mr. GWIN remained seated, overcome, apparently, by his feelings. His silence was broken soon, however, by the stentorian tones of our hero, who said:

"GWIN, stand up!"

'Thereupon, GWIN rose slowly to his feet, in evident perturbation. Now be it known, GWIN was not the orator our hero showed himself to be; and in the stammering speech he delivered in reply, he spoke in the genuine negro dialect. This is about the substance of GWIN:

"*Mr. Sopeman and Waiters of de Metropolitan:*

"It gibs me much pleasure to be wid you on dis auspicious occasshun. We hab witnessed wid astonishment dis exhibition ob de skill ob de waiters under your command. You hab said true, dat waiting is reduced to a science, and de events ob dis morning proves it. Waiting was once considered an ignoble pursuit, but you, Sir, hab raised it from de mire and de dirt, and placed it in its present elevated position. You hab shown dat to understand waiting aright, requires de skill ob de mathematical sciences. Progress, Sir, is de great law written upon most ebry ting in dis world: but dis science ob waiting, under your auspices, hab come on more rapid dan dem all. And, Sir, (here the upturned whites of Gwin's eyes gave token of the intensity of the mental travail in the conception of his great idea,) '*if de spirits ob de dead waiters, who libbed long ago, long ago, and who hab since gone to deir reward, were hobering o'er dis exhibition gibben here dis day, how it must hab astonished deir spiritual eyes.*'"

'This, and much more, said Mr. GWIN, which we have not space to record. At the conclusion of his reply, upon a given signal, our waiters formed an arch with intertwined hands, and beneath it marched GWIN and his subordinates, to the refreshment-room, where, in the midst of 'the feast of reason and the flow of soul,'

they drove dull care away, until the first dinner-gong scattered them like so many frightened sheep.

'Who shall dispute after this, about the unity of races or the palm of eloquence?'

'THE SCALPEL.'—Dr. DIXON continues to 'cry aloud, and spare not.' What he *thinks*, he *says*, and in terms so unmistakable, that we have never yet seen the first man who was left in doubt as to what the editor *meant*, after reading a single number of '*The Scalpel*.' The work, we perceive, is regularly printed and re-published in London; many of its articles are copied and highly commended by '*The Lancet*,' and other English journals of repute. '*The Scalpel*' is not *wholly* 'medical and surgical.' The October issue treats, for example, among other 'secular' things, of 'The Criminal Condition of our City,' and of 'The Poetical Products of Yale College,' as evidenced in the last 'Commencement' exercises of that institution. He dissects the concluding 'Hymn' of that occasion with as keen a knife as any surgical cutler could furnish withal. After cutting it entirely up, 'marrow, bones, and all,' the Doctor proposes as a substitute an 'Ode' of his own making, which begins as follows:

'WITHIN these fuddled pates,
Some seeds of learning sprout;
O'er these United States,
A fine crop's coming out.
Tongue can't express,
How North and South,
(Except there's drouth,)
Our lore will bless.'

We were much interested in the first of a narrative series, entitled 'Life on Ship-board:' full of incident, and well written. 'The Movement-Cure,' 'Gymnastics Gone Mad,' 'What shall we Eat, Drink, and Wear?' are articles which will also excite attention. SHERMAN AND COMPANY, Vesey-street.

SURGEON'S SERMONS.—A third volume of the *Sermons of the Rev. C. H. Spurgeon* has just appeared from the press of MESSRS. SHELDON, BLAKEMAN AND COMPANY. The remarks which we made of the precedent volumes are equally true of the one before us. It contains twenty-nine Sermons, eighteen of which were preached to audiences of ten thousand persons, at the Royal Surrey Musical Hall, of which noble structure a fine engraving fronts the title-page. There is great variety in these discourses as in their mode of treatment. Perhaps as good an example of the power and felicity of illustration as is contained in the volume may be found in '*The Snare of the Fowler*,' from the text, 'Surely He shall deliver thee from the snare of the fowler.' One can scarcely avoid smiling, however, at not a few of his 'enforcements.' For example, speaking of the secret temptations of 'the world, the flesh, and the devil,' as being all the more dangerous for *being* secret, he says: 'If the DEVIL comes to my door with his horns visible, I will never let him in; but if he comes with his hat on, as a respectable gentleman, he is at once admitted. Many a man has taken in an evil thing because it has been varnished and glossed over, and not apparently an evil; and he has thought in his heart, 'There is not much harm in it:' so he has let in the little thing, and it has been like the breaking forth of water; the first drop has brought forth a torrent. The beginning has been but the beginning of a fearful end.' In a discourse upon '*Regeneration*,' enforcing the remark that an unregenerate soul could not enjoy Heaven, even could it gain admittance there, 'our orator' says: 'Why, it is a physical impossibility that ever a swine should deliver a lecture on astronomy; every man can clearly perceive that it must be impossible that a snail should build a city; and there is just as much impossibility that a sinner un-mended should enjoy heaven.' '*The Dumb Singing*' is the title of another discourse, in which occurs this beautiful figure: 'Keep *prayer* a-going. Prayer is the rope in the belfry: pull it, and it rings the bell up in Heaven.'

Keep on pulling it; and though the bell is up so high that you cannot hear it ring, depend upon it, it can be heard in the tower of heaven, and is ringing before the throne of God, who will give you answers of peace according to your faith.' The typographical execution of these Sermons is excellent.

Mr. S. is soon coming hither. - - - CONSIDER us at JOHN LANE's for the present, in our progress toward JOHN BROWN, his Tract. Are we to talk, *in winter*, of the heat and dust of travel in that region? Can we speak of 'Punkies,' and Musketoos, and 'Smudge' fires, and 'THE SHAUNTY' with ice and snow, and a frozen river about us? Can we approach the subject of 'SPECKLED' under such circumstances? Not by ADAM SYGHTIE, even, would such a thing be attempted. Can a man hold fire in his hand, and think upon the frosty Caucasus? Not convenient. Wait till Spring comes; *then* shall we (D.V.) direct our friends to the places where lurk the trout — where lurks also FALSTAFF B. SHIPMAN, Esq., in the shaunty aforesaid, and where GEORGE MORSE, the best fisherman in the whole State of New-York, can be found and 'known of all men.' - - - THIS comes from 'THE SWAMP' in our goodly metropolis, whence many another 'good thing' has come, with equal anonymous modesty before :

'MR. S — was standing in the door-way of his store the other day, when he was accosted by a loafer, whose staggering gait, and thickness of utterance, gave unmistakable evidence of the strength and frequency of his recent imbibations. The following colloquy ensued :

'LOAFER: 'Sa-a-y, Mister; give a feller a penny, won't yer?'

'S — : 'What do you want it for?'

'LOAFER: 'To buy a glass of rum with.'

'S — : 'I cannot give you even one cent for such a purpose.'

'LOAFER: (*drawing forth a couple of coppers from his pocket.*) 'Well, then, look a-here; just take them two cents: they an't no use to me, anyhow!'

'S — could n't resist that appeal; but rewarded the man for his rejoinder, by giving him the price of two 'snifters.'

Not bad, for the 'loafer.' - - - WHY should 'P — P —' fancy for a moment that his *désagrémens* at 'A Capitol Hotel' in Washington, possess the slightest interest for the readers of the KNICKERBOCKER? If it had been the PRESIDENT himself, (good as he is, and popular as he deserves to be,) the platitudes of growling which make up the tedious staple of P — P —'s communication, could find no entrance to the pages of the KNICKERBOCKER. 'Who cares?' — and 'Why should *any body* care?' would be the first questions asked. - - - LET us make a small prediction. We have heard a portion of a play read, entitled 'The Golden Calf,' from the pen of Mrs. BATEMAN, the mother of those lovely and precocious wonders, the BATEMAN CHILDREN, which will be produced at BURTON's Theatre. *It is capital* — full of piquant situations, telling points, and wholesome, biting satire. Mark our words: *it is capital!*